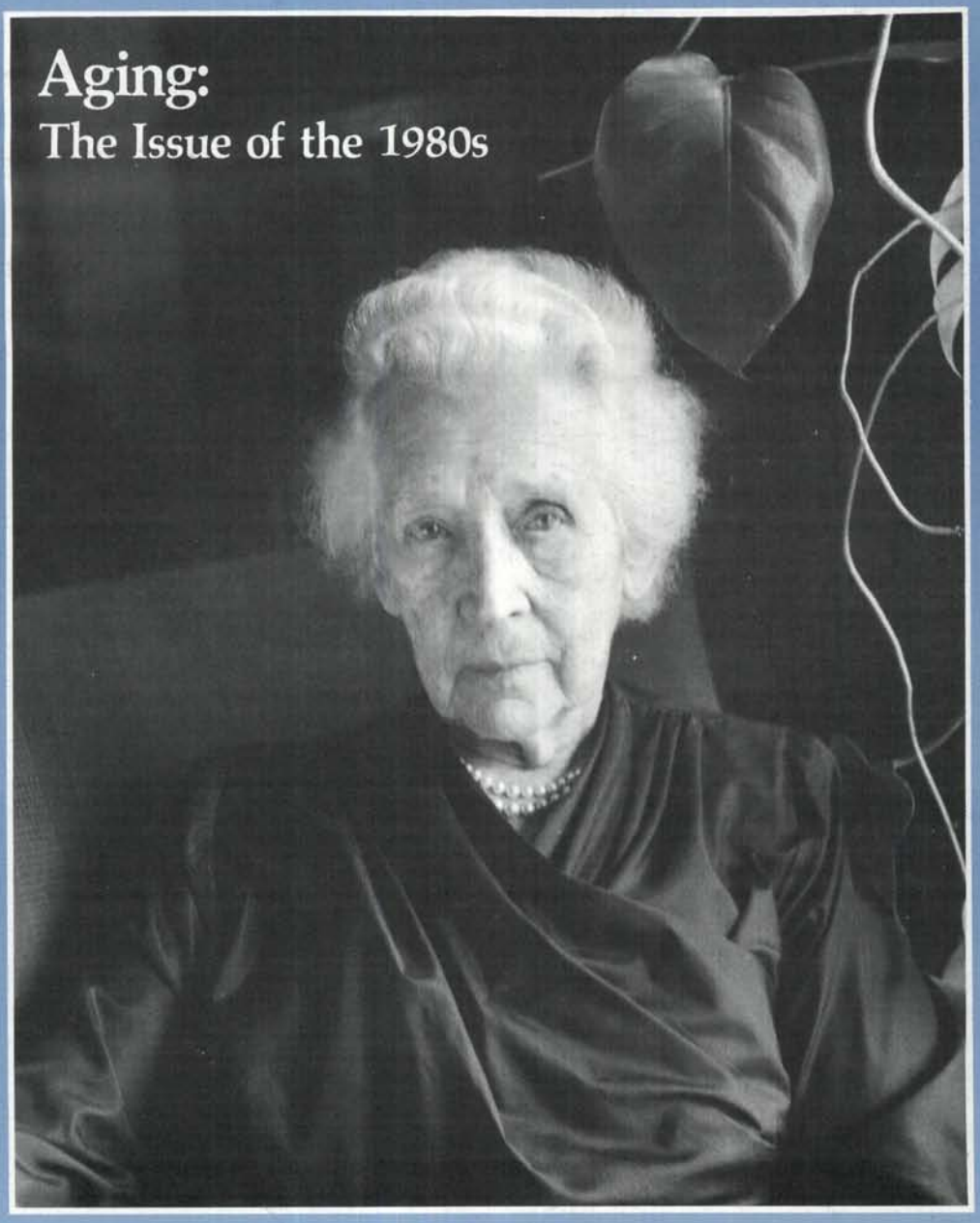
Hugh Carey: Eastern Guru • Victorian Bodies • Welfare and Work
The New Marion Barry • The Soviet Stake in Iran

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 2, 1978 Price One Dollar

T44017RITZZZZFH TNR 0978
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017



Roger Morris on the Ghost of Arms Control

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
December 2, 1978

Is He Serious?

Every president is an exception. Jimmy Carter is more of an exception than most. I think I have never seen Washington so suddenly shaken up, so puzzled, so contentious as over Carter's austerity program. Is it for real? Is he serious? Can he pull it off? Old political alignments begin to crack. It comes after a non-issue election from which reporters are still trying to worry out a "trend." In another country's electoral system, Carter might have put his program to the voters and come out (perhaps) with a mandate. Now he is trying to make his own mandate. Risks are enormous. His top inflation fighter warns of "deep, deep depression." Is he serious?

Let me come back to the issue later. . . . Is Carter serious? I think he is. I think he is acting from conviction, detached from political advantage. I think his commitment is as real as when he jumped into the Atlantic Ocean of dispute at Camp David and came out, two weeks later, with an agreement in his teeth.

At Camp David, as he told Bill Moyers (another Southern Baptist) in a televised interview, at one near breakdown, Carter took over photographs that Prime Minister Begin wanted signed for his grandchildren, and he signed each with painstaking individual inscriptions: "He (Begin) started telling me about his favorite grandchild . . . and I had quite an emotional discussion about the benefits to my two grandchildren and to his if we could reach peace." A grandfatherly chat. Tension subsided; a diplomatic path was found. Should a president bother with things like that? Very unusual indeed.

Or take his talk to Future Farmers of America at Kansas City, November 9. It was extemporaneous; no notes. Carter is a poor speaker. In this case he kept his audience of youngsters enthralled. A dour journalist who was there said it was quiet, you could hear a pin drop . . . no (he corrected himself for a stronger example), "I got interested myself!" It was about Carter's boyhood. Carter signed up with FFA, he said, when he was 13; "the second thing I joined in my life," after the Baptist church. So let's quote some more of it. He's talking about farm life in Plains, Georgia, in 1937:

"We had no tractors on our farm. We had no hybrid seed to plant. Fertilizers were very limited. Excessive cultivation robbed our crops of their basic strength. The only insecticide we had was arsenic, applied by hand. We had no indoor plumbing. We had no running water."

He thought about it and went on.

"We didn't have electricity until I was 14 years old. Our life was confined to a tiny community. And the center of my own existence was my family; close-knit, mutually dependent on one another. Americans were not mobile then. It was a rare occasion for a family to move. How different it is today."

(Yes, I got to thinking about my grandfather's farm in South Lee, New Hampshire. It was a lot earlier, of course, but we used to go up there summers. No electricity, no plumbing: my mother had her first running water bath in her teens, when she visited Cousin Ellie, over to Exeter. There was rainwater under the barn passage, for the "critters," and wrigglers in the tubs that nobody connected with mosquitoes. Tanglefoot hung in the rooms, and when flies got so thick you couldn't see across the kitchen, we pulled the shades, opened the screen door, and drove out a couple of clouds of them with towels. Did we feel demeaned? No; my grandfather was a farmer, and a banker in his spare time. Why once. . . . But I guess I have gotten detoured.)

Jimmy Carter added an obvious "inspirational" to the end of his speech but he didn't slop over, I thought. Things have changed, he said, but basic values remain the same. He warned them not to fear failure, ridicule, criticism, scorn; he told them, in effect, to go out and do their thing. Was he talking to them or to himself? "There is absolutely no substitute for detailed knowledge nor for hard work," he concluded.

Now the president is trying to do what two presidents before him failed to do: persuade the nation to make drastic sacrifices and change its lifestyle in order to get the economy in order. It took a run on the dollar and intolerable inflation to launch this program. It is full of inconsistencies and contradictions. It outrages some, confuses most, satisfies nobody. It has made old George Meany reverse his hostility to controls and urge a mandatory program as the "least worst" alternative. Will it work? Nobody knows.

Here are some contradictions. Carter would reduce inflation by cutting the budget deficit but he has promised NATO allies to increase military spending by three percent which would bring it to $123.8 billion next year—25 percent of all federal expenditures.

He still seeks to raise oil to world prices, and promised international leaders at Bonn last summer to do this. It will, of course, add to inflation by raising the cost of oil about five dollars a barrel. The Senate killed his original crude oil equalization tax.

Since deficits stoke inflation (they do in a boom, but not a recession), he would cut next year's federal budget deficit to $30 billion (from around $40 billion at present). He would do this by slashing $15 billion from social programs, which are the accretion of 45 years' labor by liberals, mostly Democrats. Sorry, he says, it must be done! (He favors national health insurance, but not now.)

He and his economic advisers argue that cutbacks won't produce a recession. Many private economists disagree. If recession comes there will be more unemployment. (Currently the unemployment rate is 5.8 percent.) Each percent of unemployment adds $15 to $20 billion to the deficit in lost taxes plus relief payments. "The deficit might rise to $100 billion," Federal Reserve Board chairman Miller told a group of reporters here last week. Nevertheless Miller favors the plan as the only course. He thinks it can work.

Carter would direct the voluntary program by guidelines and exhortation; he would police the nation's 500 biggest corporations (controlling three-fourths of all US manufacturing assets) with an additional staff of only 100. Many believe this isn't practicable and that mandatory controls will follow.

It seems pretty clear that Carter is an unusual type: he is not animated by customary political motives; he is hard-working, with patience and persistence and an extraordinary absorption in details. Whether that is the kind of leader to get us out of our mess remains to be seen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Icons to revere

To the editors:

I am deeply grateful for the long, thoughtful review that Professor Lawrence Goodwyn gave my *Liberty and Union* in the November 18 issue of *The New Republic*.

With Professor Goodwyn's judgments on my book I have no quarrel. How can an author disagree with a reviewer who calls his book "a cultural milestone"—albeit a milestone on a road that Professor Goodwyn prefers not to travel?

I do, however, want to raise a question about Professor Goodwyn's view of American historiography. He says, correctly, that American historians, unlike American novelists, are little read abroad, and he attributes this difference to the fact that historians have mostly been defenders of the status quo and providers of "a mode of legitimization" for the dominant groups in American society.

This judgment I believe to be incorrect. Ever since Henry Adams most major American historians have felt deeply alienated from their society and their works have been critical of dominant American values and social arrangements. Readers of Frederick Jackson Turner's writings on the disappearance of the frontier often concluded—no matter what Turner himself intended—that American democracy was doomed with the disappearance of free land, which was its source. Charles A. Beard's researches led a generation of American readers to believe that the promise of American democracy was betrayed by the conservative cabal in the Constitutional Convention. During the 1920s and 1930s Revisionist historians argued that both the Civil War and World War I were great mistakes. In the 1950s Consensus historians lamented the absence of a Social Democratic movement in America. More recently historians of the New Left have seen in the American story only oppression, poverty, degradation, and racism.

It is, I think, the essentially negative tone adopted by most American historians that has deprived them of an audience, both at home and abroad. For the world at large America is still an ideal, and the United States, for all its faults, is the land of hope and opportunity. Historians who write only of failure and deprivation in the United States have nothing to say to this larger audience. Those few—like Allan Nevins, Samuel Eliot Morison, and Henry Steele Commager—who write also of American achievements and triumphs have readers and admirers all over the world.

I do not suggest that an historian ought to set out to paint a rosy picture of American life. But I do suggest that an historian ought to be aware that the training in critical method that he received in graduate school better equips him to be critical than constructive. To destroy stereotypes may be socially useful in a time of complacency and self-satisfaction. But in our own troubled, confused age we need icons to revere, myths to cherish.

David Herbert Donald
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mobil's power

To the editors:

Come, come, TRB, this won't do. Your polemic against Mobil's size and diversity ("Why Mobil Isn't Loved," *TNR*, October 14) begs a very real question that liberals have never answered. Does Mobil's size actually give it "enormous power," and how do we decide whether or not that power is being exercised "responsibly?"

After nearly 100 years of anti-trust activity on the part of the federal government, there is precious little evidence of any benefit to the people, and overwhelming evidence of tremendous bureaucratic and administrative costs, and who knows what costs in terms of inefficient economic activity.

Steven Streeter
Arlington, Virginia

Lost irony

To the editors:

Edward Grossman's review of "Sinai Field Mission" (*TNR*, *November 4*) was provocative but largely beside the point regarding Wiseman's intent. Why does a filmmaker decide to focus on a relatively quiet aspect of the hottest political area in the world, one seemingly overrun with documentary makers pouncing on both the Jewish and Arab sides of the issue? The irony is lost on Grossman but anyone familiar with Wiseman's earlier work can see the rationale at work. His initial reputation was made with his seemingly objective views of institutions and the problems they create for the individual, of mental institutions, high schools, the military, etc. Yet a closer look at his technique reveals that his primary interest is in people in various degrees of conflict and the sides they represent—patient vs. doctor, pupil vs. teacher, client and social worker. Most critics see his films as knee-jerk "isn't the system horrible" journalism, but Wiseman is more interested in the dynamics of the sides in conflict for dramatic impact. So now what has happened? His last two films, "Canal Zone" and "Field Mission" suggest an even more refined expression of this theme. He has managed to find spaces between the sides and border-buffer zones—neutral areas of relative quiet—and for the first time is employing a political metaphor for the theme. Like the writer who writes the same book for an entire career, Wiseman's fascination with sides and conflict, borders and boundaries seen in all his films has perhaps compelled him to seek out nationalistic "still points" to contemplate, zones of serenity between troubled borders. Like Beckett, he is gradually paring down his work to a silent core of precarious but perhaps attainable peace. His films are not documentary realism, but highly masterful personal art.

M. Schaffer
Gaithersburg, Maryland

The Jaspers connection

To the editors:

In his otherwise sensitive review of the Hannah Arendt papers (*TNR, October 21*), Leon Botstein mars his perspective by mentioning nowhere the influence of Karl Jaspers on the writing as well as the thinking of Ms. Arendt. In fact, the Jaspers connection might well have been responsible for the overweening emphasis on banality in "Eichmann"—and not enough attention to detail. The book contains no less than 600 errors of fact. Psychohistorians tend to forget facts or distort them to buttress personal bias.

Bert S. Gerard
Van Nuys, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of INDIANA

Serving America's Union Families

THE AMERICAN INCOME PHILOSOPHY

. . . to recognize what is and what can be
. . . to know where we are and where we are going
. . . to dream big and implement realistically
. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

We operate under the free enterprise system and are basically like other insurance companies with one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force and agents are union members and covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 1,685 fight for what's left. Even though **American Income Life** has over $100 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

We're living proof that a company with union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of union contracts and wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY . . .
a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 100 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to: Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	Is He Serious?
	3	Correspondence
Comment	5	The Age of Credulity
Stephen Chapman	6	On the Hill: Poor Laws
David Blum	10	Barry, Barry, Not Contrary
Robert Moss	15	Who's Meddling in Iran?
Morton Kondracke	18	Hugh Carey is Nobody's Guru
Roger Morris	20	What's Left of Arms Control
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Up and Atavism
Michael Ullman	25	Jazz: Sam Rivers
		Books Considered
David Hackett Fischer	31	The New Old edited by Ronald Gross, Beatrice Gross and Sylvia Seidman
		Aging and the Elderly edited by Stuart F. Spicker, Kathleen M. Woodward and David Van Tassell
Denis Donoghue	36	Essays on Literature and Politics 1932-1972 by Philip Rahv
Jonathan M. Wiener	38	Kings or People by Reinhard Bendix
Max Lerner	40	America Revisited by Eugene McCarthy
Joseph Featherstone	41	Worlds Apart by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot
Ben Yagoda	42	The Healthy Body in Victorian Culture by Bruce Haley
William Youngren	44	Music of Three Seasons by Andrew Porter
Brief Reviews	47	Current Nonfiction:
		Can You Find Me by Christopher Fry
		An American Anarchist by Paul Avrich
Washington Diarist	51	The Word

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 179, No. 23, Issue 3334, December 2, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 58, Whitinsville, MA 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc.
Item g. Second class postage paid under publication number 382020 at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Cover: "Age and Its Symbols," from After Ninety *by Imogen Cunningham (University of Washington Press, Seattle, Washington 98105). Copyright 1977 The Imogen Cunningham Trust.*

Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Literary Assistant—*Ann Hulbert*
Staff Writers—*David Blum, Stephen Chapman*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*
Proofreader—*Lisa Derman*
Circulation Manager—
Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—
Rhonda Davis Schoem
Assistant Business Manager—
Donna J. Melson
Director of Advertising—
Bonnie Perkel, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477
Advertising Coordinator—
Elizabeth McGee
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Intern—*David Japhet*
Leadership Network Advertising—
Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 2, 1978

The Age of Credulity

What would have happened in Jonestown, Guyana on Saturday, November 18, if the delicately balanced mind of Jim Jones had tipped the other way? It's not hard to guess. All the players were rehearsed and ready for one of those media set pieces that ordinarily pass for news. NBC News correspondent Don Harris, now dead, already had tape in the can of Representative Leo Ryan, now dead, telling a hall full of clapping, singing Jonestown residents that he was impressed with the health standards and racial harmony of this American jungle colony. The television crews and the newspaper newsmen and photographers were all set to "report" on the investigation by this crusading congressman. The charismatic leader and his followers were all set to stage colorful scenes of communal life for the cameras to film and the reporters to write about.

And of course no staged event of this sort is complete without lawyers, adepts at preventing reality from seeping through the cracks. Jones had hired Mark Lane and Charles Garry, two expensive attorneys associated with progressive causes, when his People's Temple cult started getting some unfavorable publicity last year. They arranged the trip to Guyana by Ryan and the media tagalongs, while Jones arranged what they should see. Garry's earlier services to Jones included arranging for a broadcast message of support to the faithful in Jonestown by two of his other clients, Angela Davis and Huey Newton. Lane and Garry are still alive, because when the turmoil started somebody forgot the butcher's advice from Shakespeare's *Henry VI*: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

By almost random chance, this standard non-event turned into that rarity, a genuine news event, which briefly drove the usual run of non-events—diplomatic negotiations that lead nowhere, speeches, perceived changes of mood in the White House, elaborate staged rituals of incantation to the inflation gods—off the front pages. *The Wall Street Journal* blamed the horror in Guyana on "the fathomless human beast," or perhaps on "human impulses that in some eras have been turned in more benign directions but which find little room for outlet in our rationalist and secular culture." We think at least part of the blame belongs to a special sort of credulity that, oddly enough, is built into "our rationalist and secular culture." It is a credulity shared not just by people who would give up everything and move to a distant jungle in search of some crazed political or religious ideal, but also by modern politicians, government officials and news media, and especially encouraged by the special agnosticism of lawyers.

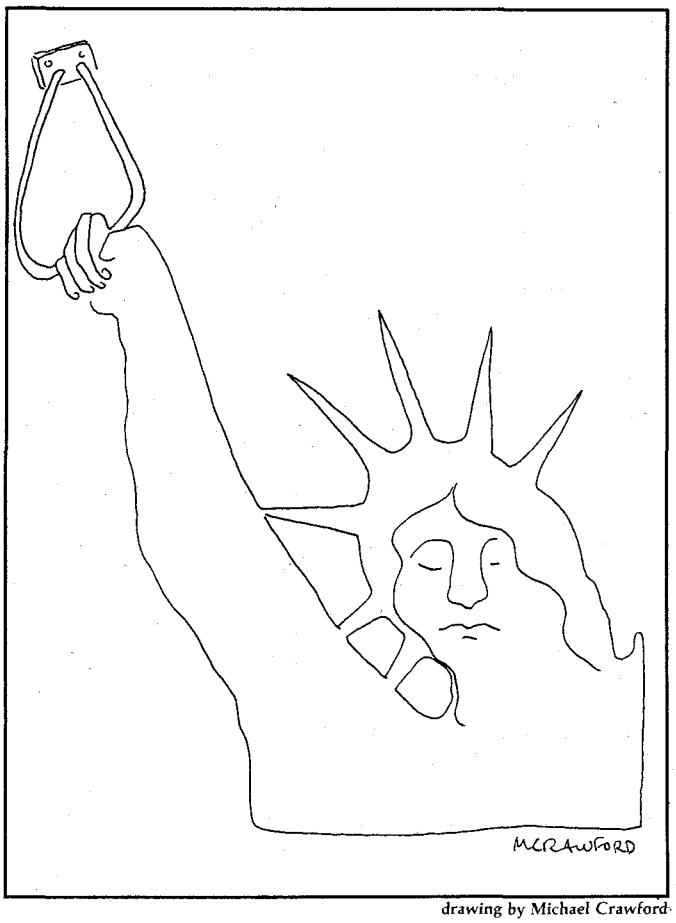
Jim Jones's son says his father ordered the mass suicide of his followers because he was "paranoid." This is an odd description of someone who, by any reasonable standards, should have had enemies on all sides, but apparently did not. Jones's belief that people were out to get him was irrational only because it was inconsistent with his own skill in ingratiating himself with the powers-that-be.

Last week the government of Guyana, understandably irritated at the suggestion that it was rash or unwise in permitting Jones to set up a colony there, released excerpts of reference letters from prominent Americans, which had been supplied by Jones. Vice

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Mondale wrote, "Knowing of your congregation's deep involvement in the major social and constitutional issues of our country is a great inspiration to me." Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano praised "the numerous social programs your church has established in meeting every type of human need." Similar praise came from Hubert Humphrey, Henry Jackson, Roy Wilkins and Bella Abzug, along with a broad range of California politicians including San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, who in 1976 had appointed Jones to head the city Housing Authority Commission. Typical of the kind of meaningless gush that gets cranked out around Washington every day was this collection of words from Califano, which doesn't even amount to a sentence: "Knowing your commitment and compassion, your humanitarian principles and your interest in protecting individual liberty and freedom have made an outstanding contribution to furthering the cause of human dignity."

Prominent Americans visited Jones's colony before the Ryan trip. California Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally has gone twice in the past two years. On these occasions, according to an affidavit last June by a disenchanted Jones follower, "The entire community was required to put on a performance. . . . Reverend Jones would instruct us on the image we were to project. The workday would be shortened. The food would be better. Sometimes there would be music and dancing." After *New West* magazine attacked the Jones operation, Dymally wrote to the prime minister of Guyana assuring him that this criticism was part of a "politically motivated conspiracy" against "one of the most committed activists and finest human beings I know—Reverend Jim Jones." Mayor Moscone also came to Jones's defense.



drawing by Michael Crawford

The true nature of Jones's operation was no secret to anyone who had cared to look into it. The growth of his political influence roughly paralleled the growth of the sadistic element in his cult. By 1972, according to People's Temple dropouts quoted in *New West*, Jones was using public beatings to discipline members, both children and adults. Sexual abuse, ritual suicide rehearsals and extortion of money all soon became standard features of the "church." None of this was investigated by the local authorities. In fact, one of Jones's closest cronies in the church became the assistant district attorney of San Francisco just about the time word of bizarre goings-on started leaking out.

How did Jones get away with it? He made a conscious decision to get himself political influence. He used his control over his followers to do favors for politicians, such as the rally he organized for Democratic candidate Carter in October 1976. (This was the occasion on which he had dinner with Rosalynn Carter.) He organized free meals and other community programs, and used them to get himself good publicity. With very few exceptions, such as Representative Ryan and *New West*, no one expressed skepticism or looked beyond appearances. Each public relations triumph, each new political contact, was used as a building block for the next one. Soon he was able to stifle bad publicity by releasing floods of praise from politicians, businessmen and civic leaders. A Guyanan newspaper editor, explaining why he never had investigated the Jones commune, said, "There were lots of charges and suspicions, but at the same time I received numerous letters from friends in the United States telling me what a wonderful group it was." The Guyanans have no reason for embarrassment. Their mistake was to suppose that the approval of American politicians and media is based on anything more than punching the right buttons.

On the Hill.

Poor Laws

A "funeral for welfare reform." That was how one witness characterized the hearings two weeks ago before the Senate Subcommittee on Public Assistance, held by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moynihan denied that he was presiding over a funeral, but intimated that the patient may indeed be terminally ill. More surprising was that Moynihan, who as President Nixon's domestic policy adviser crafted the sweeping Family Assistance Plan, suggested that the death might not be an entirely bad thing. Of himself and other long-time proponents of a federally guaranteed income, he said, "We must now be prepared to entertain the possibility that we were wrong."

What caused this reconsideration? Moynihan says it is a simple case of intellectual integrity. In 1968, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare embarked on several experimental studies of various versions of a negative income tax, a concept then attracting a great deal of attention, especially among economists. In its simplest form, the negative income tax would integrate a guaranteed income into the tax code. Anyone making more than a specified amount (allowing for exemptions and deductions) would pay taxes; anyone making less would receive a cash payment of, say, 50 cents for each dollar below that. In effect it provides a certain minimum level of assistance to those with no income, and a reduced amount to people who make more, up to the crossover point. Four different experiments were conducted—one in rural Iowa and North Carolina, one in Gary, one in Seattle and another in Denver—with the intention of comparing the behavior of welfare recipients receiving negative income tax benefits with those getting conventional government assistance from such programs as food stamps and Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC). Moynihan's hearings served as a forum for the presentation of several new analyses of the results.

They also served as a prelude to next year's debate on President Carter's own welfare reform package. The White House introduced a so-called comprehensive welfare reform bill last year that was supposed to simplify present federal welfare programs by substituting a single cash grant for categorical programs such as food stamps, AFDC, and Supplementary Security Income, which goes to the blind, the aged and the disabled. The program would provide a guaranteed annual income—set at $4200 for a family of four. The programs Carter's plan would replace, however, represent only three of nearly 200 different federal poverty programs: the others, including public housing, Medicaid, job training and the like, would remain. The administration also proposed an expanded public employment program providing 1.4 million jobs.

Like Nixon's FAP, Carter's more modest proposal fell to a crossfire of criticism from the left and the right. Besides thinking it too stingy, welfare organizations and labor groups objected to paying public service workers only the minimum wage and to the plan's work requirement. Those recipients classified as "expected to work"—a category that would include the heads of two-parent families, both parents in childless families, single people and single parents whose children are 14 or older—would have to accept jobs in either the private sector or the federal program in order to get welfare. Conservatives joined with key members like Ways and Means Committee chairman Al Ullman in complaining about the $17-billion increase in federal welfare costs that the Carter plan would require. Ullman's own version also established a national minimum level of assistance, but kept the categorical programs practically intact, and increased public service jobs by a more modest number. By creating fewer jobs and shifting more of the cost to the states, Ullman's plan would have raised federal welfare expenses by only about seven billion dollars. By the spring of this year the administration had worked out a compromise with the House leadership, but it too foundered, due in part to the approval of Proposition 13 in California.

Moynihan says he most likely will introduce whatever bill the administration comes up with in the next session. What it will contain is still being debated in the White House, but the president probably will have to settle for something like the compromise he agreed to last year, which was closer to Ullman's version than to his own. That course no doubt will alienate some Democratic liberals, but he figures that they have been effectively neutralized by the recent election results and by the tax revolt. Liberals may not like a modest welfare bill, but both they and Carter know that they won't get anything better out of the next Congress, and that if they make too much trouble they may get something worse—namely a continuation of the status quo.

Carter's real opposition will come from the right, which is feeling feisty these days. Conservative Republicans had their fling with radical welfare reform 10 years ago with Moynihan's plan and they quickly lost interest. Milton Friedman, who originated the idea of a negative income tax, made the idea respectable in the GOP during the 1960s and did much to persuade Nixon to propose it. But the bastard child conceived by Nixon and Moynihan had few of the virtues of the negative

White House Watch:

John Osborne will return next week with a report on Carter and the veterans' pension ratchet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

income tax, since it consolidated only a few of the federal income transfer programs and left the others alone. Some conservatives went along with it only out of loyalty and breathed big sighs of relief when it died. Their natural inclination to oppose anything smacking of a "guaranteed income" has naturally been reinforced by the public's skeptical mood. And their political instincts tell them that it will be good strategy and great fun to run in 1980 against a spendthrift president who wants to put millions more on the federal dole. Those Republicans from farm states, of course, will have nothing to do with any attempts to prune or ax the food stamp program, which serves as a handsome subsidy to farmers.

Moynihan and his people insist that his decision to hold hearings at this particular time on the negative income tax experiments had two motives. First was his obvious interest as a scholar and lawmaker in some of the most far-reaching social experiments ever tried. The second reason was to preempt congressional conservatives, who can be expected to use the findings to discredit any measure to modify and expand federal welfare programs. He may have another motive as well, which is to jump on the bandwagon of fiscal frugality. Moynihan, incidentally, has never been an unqualified admirer of the negative income tax. Even in 1968, shortly before he joined the Nixon administration, he said he much preferred some sort of "family allowance," provided to all parents according to the number of their children. The findings aired at his hearings may also come in handy next year in defusing liberal criticism of the Carter plan. Moynihan can point to them as evidence of the unpleasant consequences a more ambitious welfare program would have.

The findings surely will be used to discredit the idea of a guaranteed income, in whatever form. Moynihan professed particular dismay at the evidence that the guaranteed-income programs apparently cause recipients who had jobs to work less. But the reduction in hours worked actually turned out to be rather modest. Men heading two-parent families worked one to 11 percent less than those in the control groups—only four hours a week at most. Few of them quit working entirely; those who lost their jobs, though, generally took longer to find new ones. The biggest reductions came exactly where they would be expected—among wives in two-parent families and teenagers living with their parents. Wives reduced their hours worked by as much as 31 percent; teenagers between 18 and 24 percent. None of these results are at all surprising. Any welfare program causes people to work somewhat less. This is an unfortunate side effect. The question is whether it is too large to tolerate, given the program's other benefits. These studies suggest, in fact, that it is not.

A more perplexing finding was that, in the Seattle-Denver experiment, families getting a guaranteed income were much more inclined to break up. This is not wholly unexpected, since giving poor people money has two conflicting effects: first, it eases the financial strain on them, and second, it gives each parent an independent income. The first effect should make families more stable; the second, less. What is surprising is that in Seattle and Denver the second effect apparently greatly outweighed the first. Families whose income was supported at 90 percent of the poverty level had substantially higher rates of "marital dissolution" than control families—43 percent higher among blacks, 63 percent among whites, 37 percent among Hispanics. Those who were guaranteed an income equal to 140 percent of the poverty level, however, had only slightly higher separation rates.

There are good reasons to suspect that these results may not mean what they appear to. Only in the Seattle-Denver study did the experimental families break up at a measurably greater rate than control families: in the other studies there were no statistically significant differences. One possible explanation for the unexpected increase is that the study did not really monitor "marital dissolution" at all. The administrators counted any couple living together as married and any separation the same as an actual divorce. Some experimental groups suffered higher rates of separation without any discernible cause. As Assistant HEW Secretary Henry Aaron noted in his testimony, separation rates increased among families that were merely offered advice on employment. Bizarre results like these suggest that the apparent increase in family instability may be the product of some statistical quirk rather than of a guaranteed income. In any event, even though it should not be government policy to encourage marital separations, there is no particular advantage in keeping couples together only out of poverty.

Despite the glee of opponents of welfare reform, these studies did not in any sense discredit the negative income tax. For that matter, they didn't even test it in its purest and most efficient form, which is as a replacement not only for food stamps and AFDC, but for most or all of the government's transfer programs. In focusing on the problems in the experiments, the Moynihan committee neglected to examine the more obvious advantages of the negative income tax. It would radically simplify efforts to redistribute income, sharply reduce the administrative costs of current welfare programs, and offer broader help to the poor—thus, on balance, providing more money to the poor at a lower cost to the taxpayer. Nothing in the hearings raised any doubts about these virtues of the negative income tax.

That doesn't mean, however, that such a measure will ever pass. If these hearings have any effect at all, it probably will be to make a Congress already uncongenial to genuine improvements in welfare even less congenial. For all intents and purposes, welfare

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's most gifted typewriter.

patented Correction Cartridge

It's the Smith-Corona® Cartridge Ribbon electric portable, and it's the most talented typewriter around.

It lets you change cartridge ribbons in seconds without ever touching the ribbon.

It lets you correct typing errors neatly, quickly, easily with the patented snap-in Correction Cartridge.

And it gives you the largest choice of cartridge ribbons there is—everything from a long-life nylon ribbon for most typing jobs, to a carbon film ribbon in five colors, to give special typing jobs a crisp executive look.

So if you're giving someone a typewriter, take a look at the Smith-Corona portable. Find out why it's America's most gifted typewriter, not only at Christmas but all year round.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reform has been dead for years now. The existing welfare system provides so many benefits to such a broad range of interest groups—farmers, the construction industry, lawyers, doctors and, most important of all, bureaucrats—that it probably can never be dismantled. No Congess will radically alter the welfare system until it is in the interest of some equally powerful interest group to do so. Right now the only people who would benefit from a negative income tax are the poor.

Stephen Chapman

Washington, DC's new mayor.

Barry, Barry, Not Contrary

by David Blum

On November 7 Marion S. Barry Jr. was elected mayor of Washington, DC, against token Republican opposition. It would be consistent with Barry's own view of things to call that event a major milestone in his life and in the history of Washington, but it would be false. He is not the first popularly-elected mayor of the district; he is not the first black mayor. He concedes that there was no ideological difference among the three Democratic candidates for mayor. Furthermore, the big change in Marion Barry's life occurred several years ago. There is, in fact, almost no news at all in the upset election of Marion Barry.

Marion Barry first arrived in Washington in 1965, as the head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee's Washington office. He went to see the head of the city's business community and arrived 20 minutes late, wearing a three-dollar Panama hat and a dashiki. He demanded that department stores put signs in their windows supporting home rule for the district or face a boycott. He was arrested many times for disturbing the peace and resisting arrest and jaywalking and more. Later, as president of the District school board, he sent elementary school children into the streets to protest Nixon's welfare policies. The standard newspaper shorthand description of Barry was "dashiki-clad militant."

But more than any other leader of a political or social movement of the 1960s, faster than any other so-called "militant" activist, Marion Barry has shed his image—and much of his substance—for the sake of politics, and succeeded. He admits only to a change in image, but he is the first of the 1960s radicals to make it this far in electoral politics, and he owes his victory to compromise. His secondary debt is to the whites and middle-class blacks who supported him, those whose interests he would have been least likely to defend a decade ago. Whether he pays them back or not, he must retain their endorsement or risk his political survival.

It would be unfair to say that Barry has "sold out" his principles, in the language of his past, for personal gain. No doubt, as he claims, his commitment to change is as strong as ever. But it is equally unfair for him to blame "the times" for having changed—because once the movement's leaders left for other, more pragmatic causes, the movement lost its core. Like Tom Hayden, who ran for the Senate and lost in California, Marion Barry left radical politics behind, not the other way around.

Barry, 42, was born in Mississippi and remained there until the early days of the civil rights movement. He rose quickly through the ranks of students who had formed an "executive committee" in Nashville, where he was studying chemistry at Fisk University. In 1959 he started to attend a non-violent workshop every Tuesday night, headed by a young divinity student named James Lawson. From those meetings, he says, he developed a personal commitment to the principle of non-violent social change.

Another person who was at those Tuesday night sessions, John Lewis, later became a colleague of Barry's at the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. He remembers them as "role-playing sessions," where the dozen or so blacks who came were taught to develop tolerance over indignation. "These meetings were really what led up to the sit-in movement, the demonstrations," Lewis said, "and Marion was a leader, a national leader." After organizing the first lunch counter sit-ins in Nashville, which coincided with the watershed sit-in in Greensboro, North Carolina, in early 1960, Barry grew nationally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVE LETTERS TO A CAR COMPANY?

You'd probably never dream of writing a love letter to the company that built your car. Yet at Volvo, we get them all the time.

Maybe because 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy.

But some people who own Volvos aren't merely happy. They're absolutely ecstatic.

People like Orv Jacobson of Ocean Shores, Washington: "Now that it's at the 200,000 mile mark, I figure it has another 200,000 more miles in it...you just don't trade in members of your family."

Mary Howard of West Trenton, New Jersey: "This is the first time in my life that I still had a good car after it was paid for."

Or, The Reverend Ernest G. Olsen of Westfield, New Jersey who, after 225,000 trouble-free miles, says simply: "Love that Volvo."

If you can't think of any love stories to write about your present car, maybe your next car should be a Volvo.

After all, why buy a car you might regret? When with a Volvo, you'll probably end up never having to say you're sorry.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

©1978 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION
LEASING AVAILABLE

RECEIVED
MARK STUBBS
Box 66
In five months of constant rough driving I've been very pleased with how tough the Volvo's have been.
Our current 'fleet' consists of: 1964 122 S Station wagon, 1966 122S automatic station wagon, 1967 122S Sedan and 1976 265 automatic, (DL). All of them seem to be very efficient and pleasing to drive as well as reasonably economical.
We have had previous Volvo's as well including a PV 444, several PV 544's and a 1973 164E. All have been plea
In this ag
engineered au
Volvo can sor
quality autom
I have enclo
our cars.
August 15, 1978
RECEIVED
AUG 9 1978
OWNER RELATIONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

active. He and other Nashville student leaders met with Martin Luther King Jr. in Raleigh in April of 1960, and came back to form the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. Barry was its first national chairman.

Through the mid-1960s almost all of SNCC's activities involved "direct action," a catch-all term for protest marches, sit-ins and boycotts. They usually were aimed at obvious symbols of discrimination, such as separate facilities and the denial of voting rights. From 1960 until 1964, Barry worked as a part-time SNCC organizer while studying for a doctorate in chemistry at the University of Tennessee.

Former SNCC organizers and leaders remember Barry as part of the militant wing of the movement—"always on the front lines," one said, "always ready to protest." They are remembering the days before the definitive split in SNCC over the black power issue, but the composite picture is of a man committed to direct confrontation as a necessary tactic. One SNCC worker in Chicago, Joan Smith, remembers an incident during the summer of 1964 that typified Barry's position at the forefront of the direct action movement: "SNCC had decided, after the killings in Philadelphia and Mississippi, that we should all go to the US Attorney's office in the various cities and tell them to ask Bobby Kennedy (then attorney general) for protection of people working on voter registration drives," she recalled. "Mostly young high school kids wanted to go, but we figured that if there was going to be a demonstration, some older people ought to be there." The US Attorney in Chicago in 1964 was Edward V. Hanrahan, known best for engineering the pre-dawn attack on local Black Panther leaders in which Fred Hampton was shot to death, unarmed, in bed. "He told us that he could empathize with us. He said that he was a member of a minority group. We looked at each other and tried to figure out what he meant. Then he said, 'Yes, I'm an Irish Catholic.' Well, at least in those days, if you were an Irish Catholic in Chicago you weren't much of a minority."

After the group occupied Hanrahan's office for a few hours, a deputy US Attorney came in and told them the attorney general was on the phone. If Barry would like to speak to him, he said, he could do so. "We had a rule back then to never split up, no matter what. But Marion believed him, I guess, or wanted to, so he went out into the hallway with him. The next thing we knew, he was yelling 'You tricked me!' They were beating him, kicking him around, and eventually they arrested him. And, of course, Kennedy wasn't on the phone at all." Joan Smith now teaches sociology at the State University of New York at Binghamton. "I'm trying to teach radicalism to a bunch of turned-off sophomores," she said. "It's hard." Was Barry a militant in those days? "Those terms don't mean much. Direct confrontation was how things were done back then. It's different now. It's not really possible anymore."

Another SNCC colleague from his Chicago days recalls Barry differently. "In a way, he was a moderate within SNCC," said Roberta Galler, now a psychiatric social worker in New York City. "Of course, it looked like militance, but really he was part of the moderate wing of SNCC."

Another SNCC organizer who came to prominence, first as a SNCC national chairman and now as a government official, is John Lewis. From 1964 to 1966, when Stokely Carmichael and the black power wing took over SNCC, Lewis headed the group. Now he is associate director of ACTION, an agency combining the Peace Corps with VISTA and similar domestic programs. "I didn't see Marion as a militant," he said last week. "Marion was a very thoughtful and persistent person. He really believed in non-violence. If anything, he was a moderating force within SNCC. He believed in direct action, but he cared about voting, too. He knew that it wasn't enough to sit at a lunch counter and get a hamburger and a coke."

Barry came to Washington in 1965 to head up the SNCC office here, but immediately took up the cause of Washington itself, which he then saw as directly tied to the black cause. Within six months he headed the "Free DC Movement," a group pushing for home rule for the District.

After less than a year in Washington, Barry had become a recognizable name and face in District of Columbia politics and the local civil rights movement. William Raspberry, a black columnist for *The Washington Post*, wrote in March of 1966 that Marion Barry was "fast becoming the leading catalyst for change in Washington." Many black leaders felt his tactics were overzealous—particularly the controversial boycott proposal aimed at getting support for home rule from the business community. Barry wanted to boycott department stores that refused to put a sign in their window supporting the Free DC Movement, but it was reported that he virtually blackmailed some businessmen into lending money and support.

"He really wasn't very helpful to home rule," recalled Joseph L. Rauh Jr., a prominent Washington attorney and former president of the Americans for Democratic Action, who now counts himself among Barry's friends. Home rule has been high on Rauh's (lengthy) list of good causes. "What he was doing was completely counterproductive. You lost three friends for every one you made. I thought his blackmail idea was wrong, too. I don't think you try to force a businessman to put a sign in his window that he doesn't believe."

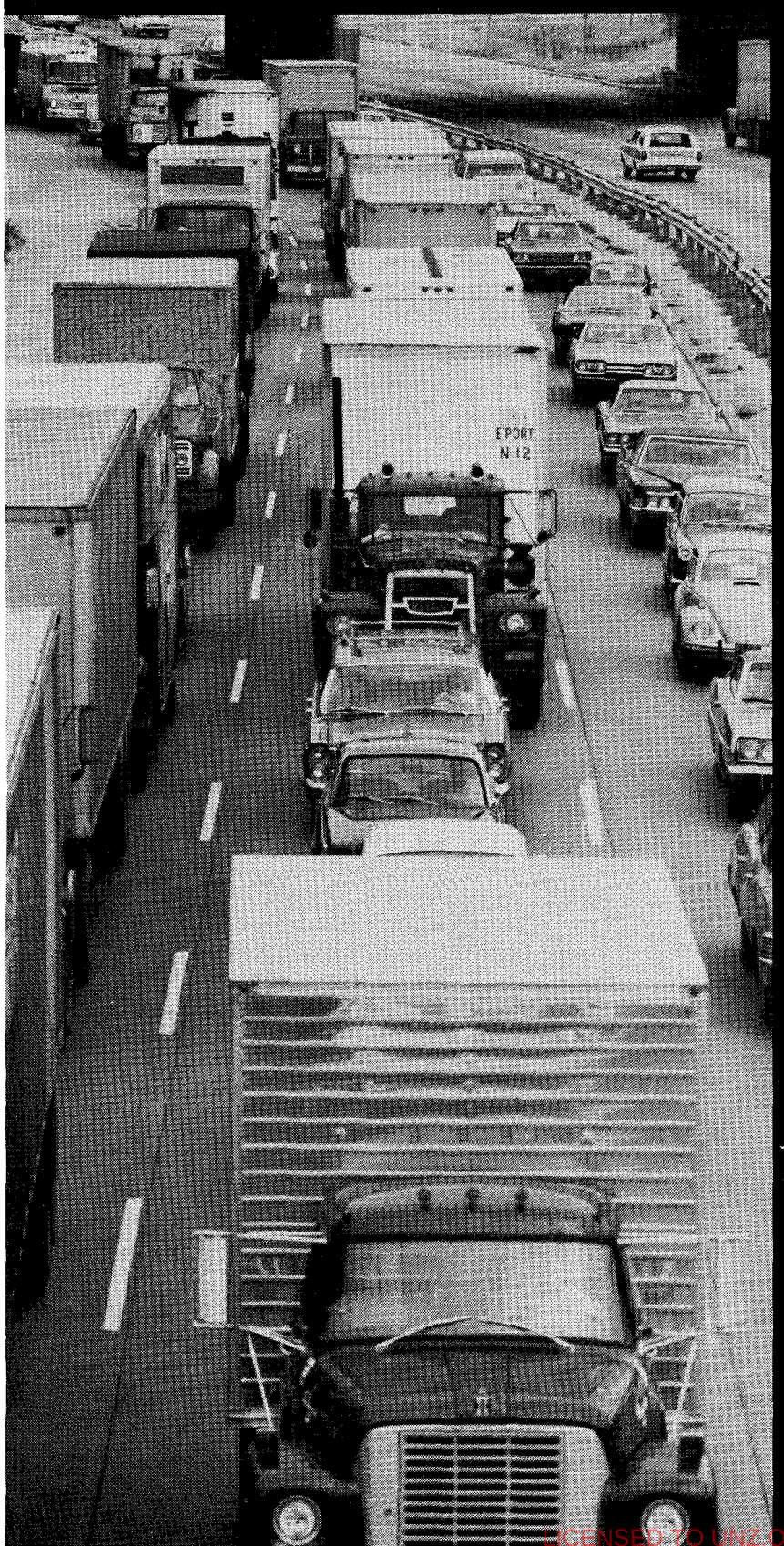
Rauh, Barry and others nevertheless lobbied together for home rule, and Rauh attributes the change in Barry's nature to its passage. "There are things you're willing to do when there aren't any politics that you just can't when there are. Politics is a great leveler in the ideological arena," Rauh said.

Before home rule was achieved, Barry had already

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Myth:

Truck traffic can move only on the highways.



Fact:

More than two million truckloads moved by railway last year.

Piggybacking—the movement of truck trailers or containers by rail—is the fastest-growing part of the railroad business. It set a new record in 1977 and it's now our second-largest source of traffic—next to coal.

The piggyback concept has come of age. Better yet, it has generated a wealth of innovations and improvements. Containerized cargo destined for foreign countries now moves across America by rail. New designs in flatcars are saving fuel and increasing loads. Truck trailers that actually ride either roads or rails with two separate sets of wheels are being tested.

This is good news for the railroads, but it's better news for the consumer and the nation. Many piggyback trains move their cargo with about half the fuel that would be required by trucks to move the same goods.

Usually there's a cost saving in piggyback shipments, too, with the advantage of fast, long-distance travel and expedited door-to-door delivery service.

Because these truckloads travel on the railroads, not the highways, the motoring public enjoys a greater degree of safety and less congestion, while damage to the highway system is reduced.

Not all trucks can move by train, but thousands more are doing so every year. And the ones that do aren't leaving potholes in your favorite road. For more information, write:
Facts, Dept. RP-2
Association of American Railroads
American Railroads Building
Washington, D.C. 20036

Surprise:

We've been working on the railroad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embarked on another venture, called Pride Inc. It was begun as a community action group designed to give jobs to poor young blacks. It quickly grew into a wildly successful depository for government social welfare funds, with millions of dollars in federal grants. In the summer of 1967, with a $300,000 grant from the Labor Department, 900 youths were hired, at $56 a week, to clean up neighborhoods; by the late fall, Pride had asked for and received an additional two million dollars. One year later, the Labor Department gave Pride a $3.8 million grant. And Barry, now referred to in news articles as the executive director of Pride, not of the Washington SNCC office, grabbed the spotlight at every single occasion. He held block parties, spoke at public meetings, proposed softball games between young blacks and the police and gave himself the role of the black community's voice. After the riots that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, Barry told the Federal Bar Association in a speech that he had gotten "the word that if the city is rebuilt the way it was, it will be burned down again." And, for effect, he quoted to them these lines from a Langston Hughes poem: "What sets me crazy has no effect on you./But I'm going to keep on acting crazy,/Until it makes you crazy too."

He spoke out on every issue, and was quoted in the papers on most. On selective service reform: "Pass the reforms, and it makes everybody think it's all right. . . . Reform always lulls people into a false situation." On the Apollo 11 moon landing: "Why should blacks rejoice when two white Americans land on the moon when white America's money and technology have not even reached the inner city? Why should blacks feel elated when we see men eating on the moon when millions of blacks and poor whites don't have enough money to buy food here on earth?"

In February 1970, Barry was elected to office for the first time—to the Pilot Police District Project citizens board. He had long opposed certain aspects of the project, theoretically designed to improve police-community relations, but eventually had to compromise. After Barry's election, some members of the House District Committee charged that "black militants" had taken over.

Barry was into politics for good. The next year he was elected to the school board, and they appointed him president. He immediately announced plans to make the school system reputable enough to get children—primarily white—out of private schools. William Raspberry, by now his foremost admirer, praised those efforts: "It is encouraging," he wrote in the *Post* in April 1972, "that Barry, whose political strength is primarily among the black and poor, is not prepared to write off the non-black and non-poor. . . . " This proved, in retrospect, to be an understatement.

In January 1974, Barry was reelected to the school board for a third term, after a lengthy internal brawl over the selection of a new superintendent. Some political leaders had asked that Barry renounce any other political ambitions, such as a possible run for mayor. He refused, and on June 5, 1974, he announced his candidacy for city council chairman against Sterling Tucker, who had been vice chairman of the council for five years and executive director of the Washington Urban League. But after he discovered that Walter Washington, the Nixon-appointed mayor, had no plans to endorse either candidate, he withdrew from the race and ran instead for an at-large seat. He won, as did a number of civil rights leaders who were seen as natural entries into the political arena after home rule was passed.

By 1977, there appeared to be only one issue on which Barry seemed more inclined to fight than anyone else—the police. In the 12 years since his arrival, he had been arrested many times, and Barry sympathizers saw it as harrassment. He described the District police department as a "military operation that must make many totalitarian states green with envy," and proposed a $3.1 million budget cut. The police chief accused Barry of making race an issue. "When it comes to the police, most people here are concerned about service, about safety, about protection, not about how many blacks are on the force. I just think Mr. Barry hasn't kept abreast of this city. The city's way beyond that." He later pulled back on his demands, and in 1978, the DC Policeman's Union endorsed Barry's candidacy for mayor.

That candidacy had begun long ago, but it was formally announced on January 21, 1978, three days after city council chairman Sterling Tucker had done so. The three-way battle with Mayor Walter Washington became, as they all admit, one based more on personality than substance. Barry's tight victory in a three-way race on September 12 was unexpected. DC's non-voting congressional delegate, the Reverend Walter Fauntroy, a Tucker supporter who had tried to get Barry to pull out of the race, had this explanation: "The arithmetic that allowed Barry to win without a runoff was that the white sections of Washington assured that a united minority could win over a divided majority. . . . The white voters identified with Marion. There was the charge that Marion was saying one thing on one side of town and one thing on the other, but I didn't check these charges out." It was "the displacement of blacks"—the underside of Washington's great white middle-class renaissance—that gave Barry the close margin of victory, Fauntroy said. Whites account for about 35 percent of the voters in Washington today.

Barry calls Fauntroy's charge a myth, and adds, "I've always thought that Walter Fauntroy couldn't count."

"People vote out of self-interest," Barry explained. "White people have a situation that occurs only among them, that they can't send their kids to public schools after elementary schools, to junior high and high school. I worked to change that on the school board, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that probably helped me with white people. Also, when I was chairman of the finance and revenue committee of the city council, I'd worked with a number of middle-class blacks and whites in business. I suppose if I'd been working in human resources or something, it would have been different."

Now, as mayor of Washington, DC, Barry says he can finally do more for black people than ever before: more on housing, he says, more for the poor residents.

John Lewis, the former SNCC chairman, was asked if he expected that the black community might someday rise up in protest against the mayor, Marion Barry, for not doing enough to help them. He paused, looked over at the ceiling-to-floor American flag in the corner of his office, and nodded. "That day may come," he said. Barry vows it won't, but he, of all people, should know better.

The telltale signs of Soviet handiwork.

Who's Meddling in Iran?

by Robert Moss

Throughout the upheavals in Iran the taboo subject has been the extent of covert Soviet involvement. Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet party leader, showed his hand the weekend before Thanksgiving by issuing a public warning to the West—published as an interview on the front page of *Pravda*—not to intervene on the side of the shah. This was the closest the Russians had come in many years to openly declaring their interest in the destabilization of Iran.

Moscow's strategic interest is obvious. Iran is the only state around the Persian Gulf equipped to serve as a policeman of the region. Seventy percent of West Europe's oil passes through the Gulf, along with 90 percent of Japan's, almost all of South Africa's and most of Israel's. If Iran fell under the control of a pro-Soviet or fundamentalist, Qaddafi-style Muslim regime, the consequences for the West would be terrifying.

It is not just that Iranian oil production no longer would be automatically available to the West. The fragile regimes of the Arabian peninsula would be up for grabs. Iranian involvement in Oman during the insurgency of 1973-1975 helped the sultan to defeat the rebels in the Dhofar province who were backed by the pro-Moscow dictatorship in South Yemen. Iranian army, air force and naval units remain in Oman today.

South Yemen continues to be used as a Soviet base for destabilizing the entire Gulf region, as well as the Horn of Africa. The KGB *rezidentura* for the area is located at a Russian military complex in South Yemen. In the South Yemeni-owned island of Socotra, the Russians are believed to have positioned the ballistic missiles removed from Somalia after President Barre turned toward the West.

Imagine how the geopolitical scene would alter if Iran were to swing toward the Soviet bloc. Squeezed as they are between Iran and South Yemen, the feudally governed, thinly populated states of the Arabian peninsula would fall like a row of ninepins.

The Soviets don't deserve all the credit for turmoil in Iran, or even to share it with the local Communist (Tudeh) party. The shah's own experiment in liberalization has helped to release many pent-up forces. The wave of riots and demonstrations since "Black Friday" and the declaration of martial law in Tehran last September have embraced forces as diverse as conservative shopkeepers, reactionary mullahs who want to compel women to wear the veil and marry before puberty and trendy university students revolting against middle-class parents.

The opposition forces have gained strength and confidence from the evident indecisiveness of the regime. At times the shah presented the image of a broken man, unsure of which way to turn. Before the declaration of a military cabinet under General Azhari, the government had shown itself prepared to make deals with strikers in all the country's major industries on terms the country could not economically afford. Such concessions, granted from a position of weakness, encouraged the opposition to escalate its demands. As a result, government reform became a program for "feeding the alligators." The predictable outcome was

Robert Moss is a columnist for *The Daily Telegraph* in London.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the alligators, having tasted meat, wanted more.

The shah confronted the classic dilemma of the reformer in a backward society accustomed to absolutism. How is it possible to make concessions without giving encouragement and impetus to a revolutionary movement that would sweep away the reforming regime itself?

But even though the shah's problems are mostly self-generated, they certainly have been aggravated by covert warfare waged against him by the Soviet Union and proxy regimes like Libya. The main reason why the evidence of Soviet involvement in Iran has not become generally known is that the shah himself has striven to keep it secret, fearing that the Russians would take even more aggressive measures if provoked. The shah told me when I met him a month ago that he is very conscious of sharing a 1600-mile border with the Soviet Union. The Russians recently have reinforced their border military presence, which includes a division of Farsi-speaking troops recruited in the southern republics of the USSR.

I have been able to assemble, from both Iranian and non-Iranian sources, some striking new evidence of surreptitious Soviet involvement in this year's troubles. The Soviet intelligence services—the KGB and GRU—have long been engaged in an ambitious program of espionage and covert action in Iran. The success of the Soviet intelligence services in filling Iran with both professional officers and "illegals" (agents operating under deep cover, often posing as Iranian citizens) is impressive. About 100 Soviet citizens are accredited as diplomats with the Russian Embassy in Tehran and the Soviet consulates in Mashad, Ispahan and Tabriz. In addition, about 4000 Soviet "technicians" are employed in the country, including about 1000—some of them identified KGB and GRU officers—at the Aryamehr steel mill in Ispahan alone. There are also about 600 technicians from other East European countries.

The KGB also can make use of many "cover" organizations in Iran, including the Irano-Soviet Cultural Society; the Russian hospital in Tehran (providing cheap medical treatment for Iranian patients); the Soviet news agency, Novosti; the bureau of the state-controlled Soviet publications; the state-owned Soviet transport company, registered locally under the name of Iran Sutrans; the state-owned Soviet insurance company; and the official Soviet trade mission in Tehran.

The KGB and the GRU can draw on a large supply of Farsi speakers in the southern states of the USSR. There are many thousands of peasant families along the Iranian-Soviet border with relatives on both sides, and it is simple to infiltrate "illegal" agents. The Soviet border guards along this frontier, as along all the borders of the USSR, are responsible to the KGB.

But the biggest manpower reserve for KGB "illegals" in Iran has been provided by the Soviet success in establishing total control over Afghanistan, Iran's eastern neighbor, following the Soviet-supported coup against the regime of Mohammed Daoud on April 27 this year. There are now about 500,000 Afghans living illegally in Iran, most of them employed as menial laborers, content to work for half the wages of Iranians employed on similar jobs. Their dialects and appearance are in most cases indistinguishable from those of Iranians from the eastern provinces of the country. Afghans have been arrested in some of the major demonstrations in Tehran and Tabriz last September and October. This could be interpreted as circumstantial evidence of the involvement of the KGB-controlled Afghan secret service, the Esthabarat.

The KGB also works through members of the Armenian minority in Iran, applying blackmail pressures in the case of those who have relations inside the Soviet Union. Armenians wishing to visit family members inside the USSR are required to seek visas at one of the Soviet consulates in Iran, where KGB officers with special linguistic training are stationed under cover. In the early 1970s, the KGB specialist in Iran who was targeted on the Armenian community was a certain Viktor Stolnikuv, who was fluent in Farsi and Turkish as well as in Armenian. Another Armenian specialist was a KGB captain called Artionov, who managed to recruit a secretary-translator in the Iranian foreign ministry.

One of the questions often raised about this year's upheaval in Iran is the possible connection between the traditionalist Islamic revolt and the Marxist elements active in the country. An interesting clue is provided by an underground Tudeh party publication called *Navid*, which has been appearing weekly in the streets of Tehran. Unlike the bulletins of other left-wing groups—which are crudely printed and usually only semi-legible—this Communist organ is beautifully typed and printed by offset. Western analysts are convinced that it is printed on an offset press inside the Soviet Embassy in Tehran. The theory that *Navid* is the covert voice of the KGB *rezidentura* is made more plausible by the fact that it faithfully echoes every twist and turn of Moscow's policy line. It carries messages from Iraj Eskandary, the Moscow-based first secretary of the Tudeh party, in support of the faithful Soviet puppet regimes in Afghanistan, South Yemen and Vietnam, while slighting the Chinese. In a fascinating article published last month, *Navid* attacked the Iraqi regime (which has ceased to be a reliable Soviet satellite) for what it called a "dirty conspiracy" against Ayatollah Khomeiny, the exiled Shi'ite Muslim leader who had been expelled from Iraq for refusing to give up his campaign against the shah's regime.

Last July *Navid* provided a remarkable giveaway on the Communist effort to exploit the Muslim traditionalist revolt in Iran for Marxist purposes. It was a pamphlet titled "The Tudeh Party and the Muslim

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Movement," which preached the necessity for "an anti-dictatorial broad front" in which the Muslim clergy were supposed to play the vanguard role. "We are ready to put at the disposal of our friends from other political groups," the pamphlet declares, "all our political propaganda and technical resources for the campaign against the shah."

In their efforts to flatter the Shi'ite mullahs, the *Navid* propagandists go to the length of asserting that Islam is "superior to many religions." They insist that the Communists' desire to unite with the Mullahs is more than a tactical ploy; they say they are ready to join forces with Islam for "an historic period of time." And in a breathtaking attempt to gloss over the assault on all organized religions inside the USSR, the Tudeh pamphlet claims that "the institutions, property, schools and publications" of religious groups have remained "untouched and intact" in Russia since the Bolshevik Revolution.

The phrase "Islamic Marxism" was not, as is commonly believed, an invention of the shah or some conservative publicist abroad. It was first used by a leftist terrorist organization, the People's Mujahedeen, which has links with Colonel Qaddafi's regime in Libya. The Russians make use of Libya and South Yemen as middlemen between themselves and extremist religious or terrorist groups inside Iran. Both the People's Mujahedeen and the more effective People's Fedayeen (founded in 1967 and responsible for the murder of the police chief in Mashad in October) have been the beneficiaries of Libyan finance, weapons and trading facilities. They maintain close links with the extremist Palestinian organizations. Other countries where Iranian terrorists receive training include Algeria, South Yemen, Lebanon (in the Palestinian camps before the civil war), Afghanistan and Cuba. Until the purge of Communists in Baghdad last summer, Iraq was the primary base for subversion and terrorism directed at Iran. The new line adopted by Iraq's President Bakr this year, however, has led to cooperation between the Iraqi secret service and the shah's secret police, *Savak*. The Iraqis banished Ayatollah Khomeiny and handed over captured Iranian terrorists—including one of the men responsible for the arson in the Abadan cinema last August—to *Savak*.

Afghanistan, under Soviet tutelage, has now become the primary center for anti-Iranian activities. The Afghan foreign minister, Hafizollah Amin, visited Cuba earlier this year, where he talked to Iranian guerrillas receiving training there and promised substantial material aid from his country. There have been western intelligence reports that Afghan agents infiltrated Iran through India and Pakistan, and later were active in sabotage in major Iranian cities. Two new Soviet-supervised training camps have recently been opened in Mazar Sharif in northern Afghanistan, one of them providing Marxist indoctrination courses, the other supplying guerrilla warfare training for recruits from Iran, the Arab countries and the northwest provinces of Pakistan.

It does not take much strategic imagination to appreciate implications for the West of a radical Muslim or pro-Soviet regime replacing the present setup in Iran. The militant hostility of the demonstrators in the streets of Tehran—both religious fanatics and leftists—toward Britain and the United States was symbolized by the partial gutting of the British Embassy and the assault on the American Embassy that was thwarted only by the intervention of hundreds of Iranian troops. The "Islamic republic" that Ayatollah Khomeiny is demanding—and whose program for government remains largely a mystery, even to those who have discussed the matter with him in person—might prove to be only a transitional phase before the imposition of a pro-Soviet regime on either the Qaddafi or the South Yemeni model.

Radical change in Iran probably would be followed before long by similar upheavals along the Arab side of the Gulf. In the absence of the shah's regime, what power could be relied on to intervene in the event of attempts at Marxist revolution in the smaller emirates or in Kuwait? How long would it be before the Saudis themselves would be threatened by a Marxist-inspired subversive campaign that could conceivably be supported—if the Russians were willing to accept the risk of confronting the United States in a direct way—by the intervention of Soviet proxy forces that are now based in South Yemen? These questions have urgency because of the rapid build-up of Soviet-bloc forces in South Yemen, where the control of the unconditionally pro-Moscow faction headed by Abdul Fatah Ismail has been consolidated, despite continuing armed resistance inside this country, since the overthrow and murder of President Robaya Ali last June. According to sources in both Oman and North Yemen, there are now 6000 to 7000 Cuban troops in South Yemen as a result of recent transfers from Ethiopia. While the Cubans train and supervise the people's militia in South Yemen, the 2000 East Germans stationed there, including officers of the East German state security police, train and command the local police and intelligence services. Several hundred Soviet Red Army officers supervise and train the armed forces. Behaving in the classical fashion of an imperial power in stationing soldiers from one province in another far away, where they are less likely to be inhibited by local loyalties, the Russians have even arranged the transfer of an Ethiopian battalion to strengthen the defenses of Beihan province of South Yemen, where the coup last June resulted in the defection of the local army commander and other key military personnel over the border into North Yemen. Ironically, while Ethiopian troops with Arabic-speaking officers have taken up their new posts along South Yemen's border, South Yemeni forces are still committed to supporting the Ethiopian regime against the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eritrean rebels—in contradiction of the policies of most of the rest of the Arab world.

It seems to me that the survival of a strong Iran under a government that is willing to adopt a "forward strategy" in the Gulf region, if required, must be the linchpin in any realistic western strategy for the containment of Soviet expansion in this crucial area. An oil tanker passes the Straits of Hormuz every 10 to 15 minutes. The presence of the Iranian navy in the area and the greatly expanded role that the Iranians adopted at the start of the year in controlling air and sea communications throughout the entire Persian Gulf appear to be almost irreplaceable guarantees of western access to energy supplies.

The Russians have made little secret of their designs on Iran. They occupied parts of the country in the course of two world wars, they were most reluctant to be evicted from its northern provinces in 1946, when they organized Communist takeovers in cities like Tabriz. Molotov declared in 1942 that all the territories to the south of Baku fell into Russia's natural sphere of influence. The quest for warm-water ports to the south has been a traditional goal of Russian imperialism, unaltered under the czars or the Bolsheviks. If Russia ever were to be permitted to achieve control of Iran, the position of western Europe and other countries, including Israel, would arguably become strategically untenable.

Iran without the Pahlavi regime probably would start out as a fanatical, Qaddafi-style Muslim regime that would give way after civil war to Marxist elements. This is not a prospect the liberals in the West should welcome. Whatever the failings of the shah's regime, which has undoubtedly been oppressive and corrupt, the alternatives that Iran offers at present are too horrendous to contemplate.

Capable, principled, experienced—but he lacks the California virtues.

Hugh Carey is Nobody's Guru

by Morton Kondracke

They are the governors of America's two biggest states. They are both Democrats, both just got reelected. They are both Irish Catholics and they both date dazzling, photogenic women. Hugh Carey of New York is a man of real accomplishment in the face of harrowing governmental problems, and a man of courage as well. By comparison, Jerry Brown's record in California is one of symbolism without much substance, of political fandango, left-behind bright ideas, unfilled promises and raw opportunism masked as an idealistic "new reality." Yet Hugh Carey is not widely considered as a potential candidate for president, but Jerry Brown is. Why?

Consider the way the two governors handled the politically explosive issue of capital punishment. In New York, public opinion polls heavily favor restoration of the death penalty. This year, the opinion polls also indicated that Carey was in bad shape politically, and he was on notice that Republican opponents would use the death penalty issue against him. But Carey vetoed capital punishment legislation, delivered a ringing moral message against it and used his political muscle to save the veto from a legislative override (by one vote). He had already declared that if the measure became law, he would use his commutation power to block executions.

Brown, too, has a record of conscientious objection to capital punishment. As a young seminarian, he interceded with his father, the governor, to stay the execution of rapist-kidnapper Caryl Chessman, and he picketed San Quentin when Chessman finally went to the gas chamber. As governor, Jerry Brown promised a veto if the death penalty passed the legislature and, like Carey, he vetoed the bill. But Brown did nothing to stop his veto from being overridden, although—just as in New York—one vote would have made the difference. Why did he sit on his hands? Brown told columnist David Broder: "Well, it's a very sensitive subject. The polls show more than 70 percent of the people in California want a death penalty, and it's a matter of both principle and survival to the members of the legislature."

Carey has shown other examples of courage. In a state with a powerful "right-to-life" movement, he has upheld state financing of abortions for poor women. Brown has taken the same position, but abortion is not the issue in California that it is in New York. The struggle in Ulster also is still a burning issue among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many Irish-American voters in New York, but Carey organized a declaration by leading Democrats denouncing the IRA. You could say, perhaps, that Brown is a man of principle for opposing nuclear power when his enemies charge it will lead to an energy shortage, but there is a difference. The shortage, if it comes, will occur after Brown leaves office. And opposing nuclear power is a good way to recruit campaign workers from the Clamshell Alliance for the 1980 New Hampshire primary.

In the old days, when big state governors automatically were considered as presidential prospects, they were judged, more or less, on how well they ran things. Executive management isn't the influential criterion that it used to be, unfortunately, but it is illuminating to measure Brown and Carey by it. When Carey took over from the Republicans in 1975, his state had a one-billion-dollar deficit. New York City was on the brink of financial collapse. The state had a terrible credit rating, which also threatened the borrowing capacity of municipalities, school boards and other political subdivisions. Gerald Ford tried to make it appear that New York's problems were the doing of wastrel Democrats and rapacious unions in New York City, but the blame lay just as much in the imperial spending and building habits of Ford's vice president, Nelson Rockefeller.

Carey took office and declared that "the days of wine and roses" were over the New York. He raised taxes to restore the state's fiscal balance and its credit. The state budget had been growing at the rate of 11 percent a year under Rockefeller, but Carey held it to four percent, less than half the rate of inflation. Carey cut state welfare and Medicaid expenses as humanely as possible, arousing surprisingly few accusations that he was attacking the poor. He has managed to convert the one-billion-dollar deficit into a $611-billion surplus, and last January—six months before Proposition 13 made it the thing to do—he proposed cuts in state taxes. Carey, a former congressman, also deserves much of the credit for getting the federal government to rescue New York City. And Carey's administration wrote and got enacted a hospital cost-containment program that served as a model for the measure President Carter tried (and failed) to push through Congress.

By contrast, Jerry Brown inherited a multi-billion-dollar surplus generated by taxes enacted during the Ronald Reagan administration. Instead of cutting back on taxes, or spending the revenue in ways that would foster public confidence in government, Brown let the surpluses pile up to five billion dollars. Brown's management must be blamed, in part, for the passage of Proposition 13 and the political plague it has visited on the rest of the country. But Brown has not suffered at all. In the beginning he opposed the initiative. After it passed, he became an archbishop in the trendy church of tax-slashing, and everyone marveled at his acumen. He was reelected, with considerable help from stumblebum Republican opposition, by the largest vote margin ever compiled in a California governor's race.

Even though Brown has bragged about how many members of minority groups he has appointed to public office, he waited practically until the last minute to campaign for his two black runningmates, Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally and attorney general candidate Yvonne Burke. Both lost. Like the California budget surplus that led to Proposition 13, Brown's political surplus was not something he wished to share, preferring to hoard it for himself.

Brown sometimes seems like a political Shadow who has discovered the power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. He began his administration as a disciple of the theology of "small is beautiful." But when industrialists said he seemed anti-growth, he started passing out buttons reading "California Means Business." He began preaching "limits," but managed to fit advocacy for an expanded space program within them, presumably because of the aerospace industries in his state. He also has advocated construction of the B-1 bomber, presumably for the same reason.

It is almost a foregone conclusion that Brown has it in mind to challenge President Carter in 1980. The intriguing question is whether he will attack from the left or the right. Where is Jerry Brown? In 1975 and 1976, he vetoed legislation designed to bring state mental hospitals up to standard. In 1977, amid threatened mass resignations by psychiatrists, he reversed course, held his own hearings on the crisis, proposed increased budgets and declared that 1978 would be "the year of mental health" in California.

Some California political observers believe that Brown, even though he was elected as an advocate of Prop. 13ism, will hold back on budget and tax-cutting as much as he can, waiting until 1979 to see whether that image or another will serve for the 1980 presidential race. Jimmy Carter now is committed to Republican-style economics. If it seems to be working, Brown can claim he was there first. If Carter's policies run the country into a recession, Brown could roar in from the left, urging "compassion" for the jobless and pump-priming for the economy.

Jerry Brown seems to have an opinion poll where his conscience ought to be, and also is not a very good manager of government. So why is he considered by politicians and political reporters to be a presidential hot prospect, and why is Hugh Carey not? One reason is that Brown beat Jimmy Carter in five primaries in 1976 and gives every indication he will run in 1980, whereas Carey has given no sign he is interested. That does not apply, however, to some people around Carey, who think that he deserves boosting.

Carey has some handicaps. One is that it is hard to see when his opportunity would come. If Brown defeated Carter in early primaries, the chances are that Edward Kennedy would get into the race, preempting the opportunity for any other Irish Catholic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Northeasterner. Even if Kennedy did not enter for some reason, Carey might be preempted by another Irish Catholic New Yorker, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Carey might push himself ahead of Moynihan, but he probably would have no chance if Kennedy entered.

Some Democratic politicians see a prospect for Carey as vice president. They argue, despite White House assurances that President Carter wants Walter Mondale on his ticket in 1980, that the decimation of Minnesota's Democrat-Farmer-Labor party badly weakens Mondale's homestate base. Neither Mondale nor anyone else can do Carter any good in the farm belt, they argue, and Mondale is now so tied to Carter policies that he no longer lends a liberal ideological balance to the ticket. So why not somebody from the Northeast, where Carter may be in trouble? And why not an Irish Catholic?

But there remains the problem of Hugh Carey's personality. "A good governor, but a miserable man," one Democratic activist said of him. One of his own campaign aides said: "He isn't a nice man. He can be a gorilla." He tends to be insensitive, short with people. He goes into black moods, takes offense easily and delivers withering insults. Such behavior doesn't recommend the man for the job of stroking congressmen or wooing world figures either as leader of the free world or as assistant leader.

What's really wrong with Carey's personality, though, is that it seems shamefully out of synch with the requirements of the media these days. Carey is old fashioned—a man who does unseemly things like hate and cry, love, scream, rant and pray. He can jet around with Anne Ford Uzielli forever and he will still seem like Hughie Carey, the Black Irishman from Bay Ridge. But Jerry Brown! He is insensitive and aloof, too, and can be short with people, but no one really believes he can harbor deep emotion for very long. He will not love or hate, but rather have positive or negative affect. He can declare he is "committed," but everyone knows he is really detached. He doesn't pray; he meditates. He wouldn't embarrass you with tears; he'd smirk and become ironic. Hugh Carey, the fool, practically proposed marriage in public, and said in an interview he thinks President Carter should give a job to Henry Ford, his prospective father-in-law. But Jerry Brown is keeping just a "relationship" with Linda Ronstadt, and won't give his own father the time of day. That's cool.

Why is Brown a presidential contender and Hugh Carey not? Well, it's because of what's happened to the Democratic party and what's happening to all the rest of us, too. The best thing that one of his friends can say about Hugh Carey is that he is a "traditional Democrat," but what Jerry Brown calls himself is a "new Democrat." In fact, there is no Democratic party anymore. It reshapes itself every four years in primary elections and in delegate selection procedures that give little but lip service to tradition, experience and government performance, and that reward novelty, glibness and telegenic fluff instead. Those are the California virtues and no doubt they will eventually take over the country. Jerry Brown may not do it in 1980, but, God help us, the man is only 40.

The high cost of exorcising a certain pudgy ghost at the State Department.

What's Left of Arms Control

by Roger Morris

The present Washington debate on strategic arms limitation is one of the most perverse in recent history. On one side, ostensibly the champion of disarmament, is a Carter administration, which has struggled lamely merely to complete an agreement with the Soviets mostly won by Henry Kissinger two years ago, and which already has ransomed that treaty to the Pentagon in the process. On the other side is an intimidating coalition of Senate, Washington establishment and academic jingoists. Their opposition hobbles arms control precisely when an agreement might still preserve the vast but perishable US strategic superiority over the Soviet Union, so they may only succeed in making a reality of their own conjured nightmare of Russian nuclear parity. Meanwhile, rampant technological advances mock the new SALT II treaty as well as the 1972 Moscow agreements, and threaten to overtake any arms control agenda yet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contemplated in Washington or Moscow. And though all these developments ought to arouse authentic opposition from the left, there has been no challenge to either the bogus reputation of the administration or the irresponsibility of its critics.

This rightward skewing of the strategic arms control debate is part of the larger post-Vietnam reaction in foreign policy, and more particularly of the bipartisan conservative backlash against detente. The election of a Democratic administration seems only to have increased the distortion. When Carter chose as his SALT negotiator Paul Warnke, an ex-Johnson official and Washington lawyer of modest but visible enthusiasm for arms control, the confirmation fight pulled both the administration and the debate further to the right. There the debate still languishes. Cowering liberal politicians do not rush to wake the public from its traditional ignorance of strategic matters. If a SALT II treaty is concluded early next year, if the Senate ratification reveals just how little difference there has been between the administration and its critics, and how little progress has been made in strategic weapons limitation, the illusion may have run its course. But whatever next year's political fashion may be, a new, unchecked escalation in the nuclear arms race will leave little time for decision.

The current SALT negotiations derive from the meeting between President Ford and Leonid Brezhnev at Vladivostok in November 1974. There, in another summit made possible by Kissinger's feverish back-alley diplomacy with both the Joint Chiefs and the Russians, the two superpowers agreed tentatively to rough numerical ceilings on strategic delivery vehicles and MIRV missiles. Neither SALT I nor this Vladivostok agreement affected American superiority in the basic balance of terror. Then as now, the US had a two-to-one lead over the Soviets in nuclear warheads; more than 20 times the hydrogen warheads needed to obliterate the USSR; and marked superiority in advanced submarines, jet bombers, missile accuracy, development of the new cruise missiles and technology in general. The Vladivostok limits did not touch the research advances, mostly by the US, that will make missile locations more difficult to identify. These developments threaten to destroy the fragile sense of stability that comes from knowing what the other side is capable of. This reassuring mutual knowledge was an important basis for the first Moscow agreement.

Yet the formal, public accords at Vladivostok did at least set the agenda for future negotiations to limit at least existing technology. In bargaining with the Russians, and through continuing harsh discipline of his own government, Kissinger had overcome the stolid bureaucratic abhorrence on both sides of any restraint on offensive arms. By the time he relinquished office, according to several official sources, he had already achieved much of the substance of what would be termed SALT II. Two years later, the Carter administration is laboring at home and abroad simply to reach the same point.

The squandering of Kissinger's modest SALT legacy owes as much to the tangled politics of Washington as to the annals of great power rivalry. In March 1977 the new Carter regime abruptly dropped the strategy of previous negotiations. Believing that it needed a radical new approach to the Soviets, the White House asked the foreign policy bureaucracy for a fresh "review" of SALT "options" soon after the inauguration. Officials differ on precise details of what happened next, but the outline is clear enough, and it repeats a familiar pattern in the making of foreign and defense policy. Rushing to fill the bureaucratic void left by Kissinger's departure, the Joint Chiefs responded to Carter's request with a detailed proposal. Characteristically crisp and simple, in contrast to vague and rambling State Department defense of its own policy, the position eventually was endorsed by all of Carter's senior advisors. The new president promptly sent Cyrus Vance on his first mission to Moscow with an unprecedented "deep cut" proposal for SALT.

The essence of that offer was that the Soviets should eliminate their existing SS-16 mobile missiles and eliminate at least half of the "heavy" SS-9 and SS-18 missiles which were the core of Moscow's strategic force. In return, the US would not deploy its mobile MX missiles, still being developed. It would keep its existing MIRV force and the new "non-strategic" cruise missile. Vance also proposed to freeze the substantial American lead in warhead accuracy. What Vance presented to the Kremlin as a new point of departure in March 1977 was, in short, much the same proposal for unrequited Soviet concessions that had paralyzed the SALT talks during the Johnson years, and that Kissinger had schemed to deflect inside the US government since 1969.

These proposals can be explained in part by the concern of Carter's self-conscious new regime—one Carter official now ruefully calls it "our obsession"—to distinguish itself in style and policy from that of Henry Kissinger. In SALT, in human rights, in China diplomacy and elsewhere, the men of Jimmy Carter's establishment restoration took office anxious to make changes, if only fleetingly and for change's sake, to exorcise the pudgy, guttural ghost of the past eight years. There were more traditional bureaucratic

Coming:

Two weeks of Christmas books, December 9 and 16.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considerations as well. To pass on what amounted to a "tough" Joint Chiefs position gave bureaucratic credibility to men like Vance, Defense Secretary Harold Brown and presidential advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski—or so they apparently believed. As for Warnke, aides now say he was "appalled" by the March position. Bruised by a bitter confirmation fight about his own "toughness," however, Warnke reportedly felt himself in "no position" to try seriously to block it.

By most official accounts, an original suggestion for some sort of "deep cut" proposal had come in February from Vice President Mondale, who seems not to have grasped what was happening when the Pentagon moved so obligingly to fill the White House request for a SALT negotiating position. Carter himself saw the March proposal as a way to appease Senate hawks wary of his infant administration. In the early spring of 1977, the mythology of a "soft" president and his "McGovernite" foreign policy appointments had already begun to descend around the new government.

The Soviets angrily rejected the US proposals out of hand. Afterward, following critical press reports about the Vance mission and some Kissinger-inspired leaks deploring his successor's "miscalculation," Brzezinski summoned Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin to the White House and hinted that talks might resume. Brzezinski spoke of a "new" agenda, "approximate" to Kissinger's post-Vladivostok approach. But the Soviets have their own internal SALT politics, and the hint of American retreat was apparently too late, or too suspect. The March debacle vindicated the distrustful and belligerent elements in Moscow, who stifled negotiations for the next several months.

The aftermath on the US side was no less predictable. Without clear bureaucratic, political and intellectual mastery of SALT in the White House or the State Department, initiative remained with the Joint Chiefs. Without powerful patrons in the executive or Congress, Warnke at ACDA was isolated and mostly impotent in Washington, traveling to Geneva or Moscow in well-publicized missions only to serve as the last link in a chain of cables that began, in effect, in the Pentagon. Warnke was hardly the disarmament monster some senators imagined. His advice seldom went beyond the belated arms control measures planned by the Nixon-Ford regime. Under prodding by a few second-echelon officials in the State Department's Bureau of Political-Military Affairs, Warnke's main accomplishment after years of savage infighting and a weary, discreet resignation has been to drag the Defense Department "clearances" on SALT slowly back across the terrain already occupied by Kissinger at the end of 1976. Warnke's ultimate value to the Carter administration may be his undeserved reputation as a radical. He has coopted the old arms control lobby for the most part simply by the Senate enemies he made, quieting potential critics on the left with the presumption that at least ACDA, however beleagured, was pursuing real disarmament.

Members of the volatile Senate opposition to arms control were unappeased by the March 1977 plan. They attacked every step back toward the Vladivostok agenda as some fresh betrayal. As the strategic know-nothings gained influence in the press and opinion polls, Carter reacted with alternating confusion, pandering and indifference.

White House aides are quick to say, however, that Carter still sees substantial domestic rewards in a "proper" SALT summit. The president's convictions, Warnke's moderate but dogged efforts, some response on the Soviet side (where there are good political reasons for some agreement with the Americans) and the political appeal of a treaty signing with Brezhnev seem certain to bring the administration near some kind of SALT II deal.

From a combination of leaks, congressional sources and public statements, the anatomy of that new treaty—and the necessary bureaucratic bartering in Washington to ransom it—seems plain enough:

- The general limit on strategic delivery vehicles, both missiles and bombers, would be 2400, dropping to 2250 over a period yet to be agreed, and in either case leaving the present US strategic force intact.
- Within this overall ceiling, there will be a limit of 1320 on all land-based multiple warhead missiles (MIRVs), submarine missiles and bombers carrying cruise missiles.
- Both sides will be limited to 1200 specified long-range MIRV weapons, land-based as well as seaborne. The limit on such land-based missiles would eventually fall to 850 under provisions now being negotiated.
- As a final major clause of the treaty proper, the Soviets would also agree to a limit of 350 for their heavy SS-18 missiles.

Still under intense negotiation, an accompanying treaty protocol would limit the deployable range of US ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles (with no restriction on airborne cruise weapons) for either three years or, as the Russians propose, until 1985, the duration of the SALT II treaty. The protocol also reportedly would restrict Soviet mobile missiles for three years, though allowing each side to introduce one "new type" of intercontinental ballistic weapon before 1985. Long a major obstacle to agreement, the Soviet Backfire bomber is said to have been exempted from any limits. According to several officials, the Pentagon dropped its objection to the Backfire, and thus freed the administration to make the concession, in exchange for a White House guarantee that neither SALT II nor SALT III would restrict future deployment of a new US manned bomber.

The major unresolved part of SALT II is a planned "Joint Statement" that may be an ironic epitaph on the history of the negotiations since March 1977. The statement reportedly would pledge the two sides to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seek further reductions in SALT III and specific qualitative limits on offensive weapons, both of which had been elements in Kissinger's negotiations surrounding Vladivostok. Officials say too that there has been little progress on a range of other issues once in full negotiation and now relegated to a statement of a future agenda. Those issues include restrictions on existing strategic defenses, essentially the massive Soviet civil defense system; methods for further verification of compliance with the new agreements; and a fresh Soviet demand to include in the SALT limits NATO and other "forward base" US weapons, an objection the Russians had once abandoned at Vladivostok.

The SALT II deal will have little effect on the gathering momentum of a new nuclear arms race. It will not restrain the new US mobile MX missile now near production. The Backfire deal between the White House and Pentagon almost certainly has paved the way for a new Air Force manned bomber. And at a moment when refinements have already made some conventional weapons more deadly than smaller nuclear warheads, the treaty pointedly excludes cruise missiles armed with "conventional" explosives.

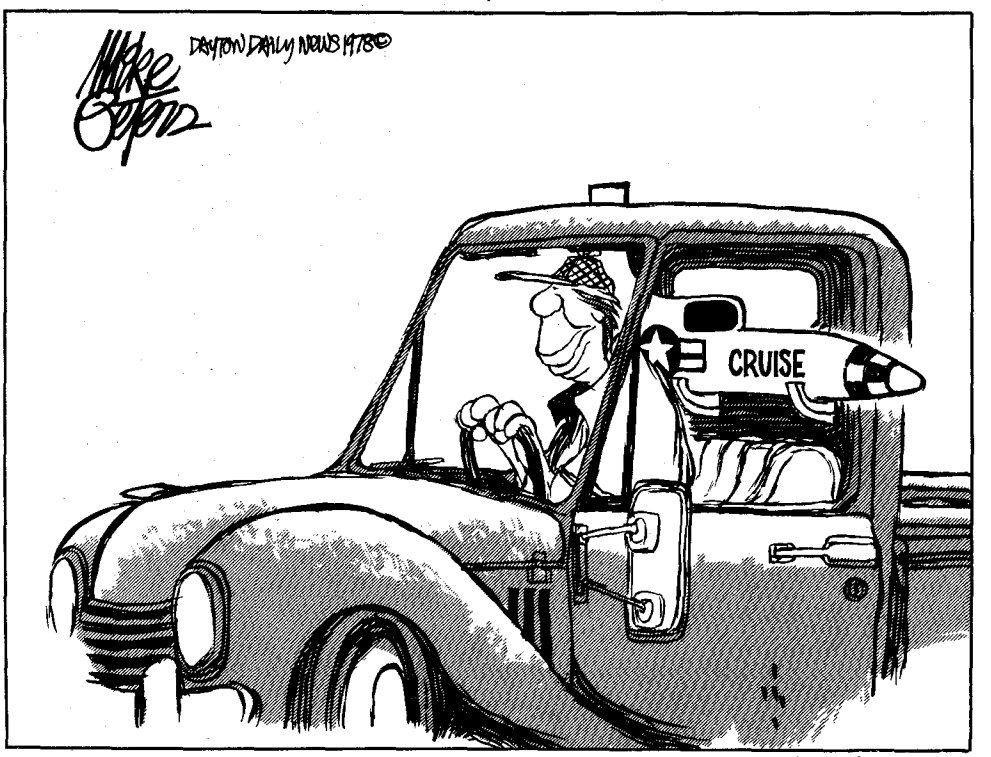
SALT II provides opportunities for Soviet hawks as well. Since most experts agree that the Soviets now have about 250 MIRVed missiles with multiple warheads, the treaty limit of 1200 maintains the present American force at the price of practically encouraging the Russians to add MIRVs to another 950 intercontinental missiles. Nothing in SALT II controls the two sides' new Trident and Delta super submarine missiles. There are no limits on the advances in research and development in both the US and the USSR that leave every current calculus obsolete. Both nations are now busy with anti-satellite and missile defense research that soon will pose again the anti-ballistic missile issue that blocked the 1972 Moscow agreements for so long, and were only temporarily ruled out by that treaty. And neither SALT II nor the projected agenda seems to treat the increasing accuracy of both nations' missiles. Cheap, all but hidden in the Pentagon budget, bureaucratically popular on both sides, these new refinements greatly enhance the preemptive capability of the Soviet missile force, and inevitably will draw the two military establishments back toward the logic of a first strike policy.

"Just ground rules for intensified competition and continued massive arms growth," Carter once called the Vladivostok targets with much disdain. Many officials agree that the same words will aptly describe the SALT II treaty the administration is now straining to conclude.

This is the backdrop to the arrival of Warnke's successor as ACDA director, General George Seignious, a well-traveled Army bureaucrat; and his successor as chief SALT negotiator, his current deputy, Ralph Earle II, another faceless civil servant.

The new SALT II agreements are no less vulnerable to bold, thoughtful congressional exposure than the domino theory and all the attendant theology about Vietnam a decade ago. The ammunition is all there. Sustained hearings and an independent staff investigation could uncover the dubious bureaucratic history and policy-making process of the Carter administration—perhaps even to the point of flushing out a "Pentagon Papers" on strategic arms control, of which officials say there is more than one revealing equivalent in the files, with at least a few frustrated, dissident spirits to help make them available. Unfortunately, such an effort would require far more courage than the Senate—especially the Foreign Relations Committee—has shown for some time.

"In the tortoise-and-hare contest between technology and arms control," *Science* magazine observed recently, "technology seems to be outwitting arms control and winning." The bureaucratic and individual forces at work in the Carter administration, alas, are not so abstract. And the "outwitted" include the American public, which believes in arms control to reduce the nuclear terror and which probably will soon be applauding Carter and his regime in the mistaken belief that they are achieving it.



drawing by Mike Peters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Up and Atavism

It never rains but it bores. For a long time, no animation features. Then come two in a row, both made from successful books and both poor. Last week it was *Watership Down*, this week it's *The Lord of the Rings* (United Artists). It's too mild to call the Tolkien trilogy "successful." Millions of copies have sold in this country alone, and a recent Gallup Poll done for the American Library Association reported that Tolkien "was the author most frequently named as most recently read."

I once tried the trilogy myself but was easily discouraged—then was heartened to find that I was agreeing with Edmund Wilson. I've been told that the real test of Tolkien is reading it to children, that this is the way to find its pleasures for one's self. Wilson read the whole series aloud to his young daughter (1956) and concedes its appeal to her but is himself left uncaught. He cites a number of eminent Englishmen who praised Tolkien highly and concludes that certain British people "have a lifelong appetite for juvenile trash." This is true; but it doesn't cover the subsequent Tolkien success in this country. Here he has been a campus rage, along with such towering vacuums as Kurt Vonnegut and Hermann Hesse.

Now I'll never read Tolkien. I vaguely hoped that this film might whet my slim appetite; instead, the film killed it. As the story is rendered in the screenplay by Chris Conkling and Peter S. Beagle, it begins with a prologue about a ring, dimly reminiscent of *Das Rheingold*, then continues in a place called the Shire that kept reminding me of Glocca Morra, for which I was not grateful, then leaves on a Quest that almost bears this capitalized label. All this is wound about with a mythology and a set of laws that I couldn't remember and couldn't care about. Good fantasy, "pure" or science fiction, makes you accept its myths and rules because they are part of the life in the piece. No life here, not in the film anyway, no more than there was in *Watership Down*.

I'll confess that I was rather glad to have my appetite for Tolkien killed: now I won't have to take the time for those books. They may have been done an injustice here, but it seems to me one of the lesser injustices committed by film against literature. A much bigger disappointment to me, more specific to film itself, was the work of Ralph Bakshi. He directed *The Lord of the Rings* and set its visual style. Bakshi's previous work, *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* and *Coonskin*, had its vulgarities but was pungent and personal. I didn't expect sex and social slash in Tolkien, but every vestige of Bakshi's style of *drawing* has been suppressed in order to get a custardy blandness. Frodo and the other figures made me think of Max and Dave Fleischer's *Gulliver's Travels* (1939), only they're not as spry. Bakshi here is like a skilled Szechuan chef trying to make good at McDonald's.

After 131 soporific minutes, the story doesn't conclude. A voice suddenly says, "So ends the first part of *The Lord of the Rings*," and the picture stops.

I can't say that children won't like it, but adults should bring a book and flashlight.

Atavism is in the air. In recent weeks we got a 1935-type musical, *The Wiz* (despite the fact that it's all black) and a 1935-type slum picture, *Paradise Alley* (despite the fact that it's set 10 years later). Now we've got a 1935-type Mark Hellinger. He was a New York tabloid columnist of the 1930s, later a film producer, who wrote Runyon-and-sugar. A "dot" writer. His columns, about what used to be called Gotham, were always full of heart, and usually ended with ironic-poignant dots. "The panhandler who asked him for a handout was his old college teacher . . ." "The nurse who saved him from death was his ex-wife. . . ." That sort of thing.

Dots are all over *Slow Dancing in the Big City* (United Artists). The script is by Barra Grant, the daughter of Bess Myerson, but it could have been done by Hellinger if he were alive and oozing today. Paul Sorvino plays a *Daily News* columnist called Lou Friedlander. (Try the rhythm of that name against Mark Hellinger.) He falls in love with a ballet dancer, played by Anne Ditchburn, who has discovered, just before her big-time debut, that her body is unsuitably structured for dancing and that she must quit for medical reasons. She insists on making her Lincoln Center debut. They *say* it's Lincoln Center and that's where the exteriors were shot: I didn't recognize the auditorium. She is a smash of course, and her legs give out just as the ballet ends. And who carries her out in his arms to receive the ovation of the crowd? . . . I haven't been less moved since Henry Fonda danced with the paralyzed Lucille Ball in *The Big Street*. (Made in 1942 from a Runyon story!)

You have to hand Grant some kind of palm for coolness. At one point Ditchburn actually says to this soft-hearted, rough-diamond columnist, "You're a poet." Well at least she didn't add tenderly, "You big galoot." The hero actually knows a little Italian restaurant where Papa and Mama fuss over him just the way Henry Armetta and his wife

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Ingmar Bergman's best since *The Passion of Anna*—a mother-daughter collision, with powerful performances by Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.

Girlfriends. The kind of independent US film that many try for, few make. Claudia Weill's truth about young New York women.

Go Tell the Spartans. Go try to find it. Spottily distributed film about Vietnam 1964. The best so far on the subject.

The Wiz. No, not Diana Ross, not the slushy lyrics, but the talent of the others and the over-upholstered lavishness make a lot of it pleasant.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used to fuss over stars in the 1930s. And the fellow and girl actually have a nighttime idyllic scene on a tenement roof—where they do their slow romantic dancing, the only kind he can do. The dance was spoiled for me, however, because Ditchburn had just finished some very vigorous ballet practising, and I couldn't help wondering what she felt and smelled like when he enfolded her in his arms.

In the recent *Bloodbrothers* Sorvino was a New York-Italian, large-living, big-hearted hard-hat; here he's a New York-Jewish, modest, big-hearted columnist. This good actor is turning into a big vat of schmaltz looking for places to spill. Ditchburn, a Canadian dancer, has a mouse-face like Julie Harris, only more minimal. It's not a face of which one wants to see much, but then there isn't much of it to see. She has some nervous vitality and she's well enough directed to keep the part from collapsing, but I can't feel that it's a momentous debut. The director is John G. Avildsen, who from *Joe* to *Save the Tiger* to *Rocky* has shown an innate ease and control but has been lavishing it on the sentimental even when it's lacquered with the hip.

Joseph E. Levine must be some kind of masochist. After producing *A Bridge Too Far* with Richard Attenborough as director, a picture that managed to make World War Two dull, Levine engaged Attenborough to direct *Magic* (20th Century-Fox). Levine has reduced a cast of thousands to a cast of four principals, but that doesn't improve Attenborough's stodgy directing—stupid directing, really, because he has no clue about the clumsiness he's fabricating, let alone the stupidity of the script he's agreed to shoot. The first few minutes of *Magic* are so muddily launched—we don't know where we are, who the people are, what the relevance of the flashbacks is—that the question of hope never arises. Things decline from there. Credibility and atmosphere are out to lunch. The suspense and murder scenes are at the student-film level.

William Goldman wrote the script from his own novel and has only himself to blame if reviews keep mentioning the Michael Redgrave episode in a British anthology film called *Dead of Night* (1945). The central gimmick for Goldman and the earlier episode is a ventriloquist whose life and mind are taken over by his dummy. Even if you haven't seen the Redgrave, you can't help knowing what's coming here, but you wouldn't expect quite so little to be made of it.

Redgrave, as directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, was truly frightening, one of his best performances. Here Anthony Hopkins gives one of his worst, with a spurious American accent and some patently induced hysteria. Ann-Margret is not my idea of a neglected rural wife, and I don't think she's her idea of it, either—she doesn't even try for conviction. Burgess Meredith plays Abe Lastfogel—I assume, since he's the small Jewish chief of a talent agency explicitly called William Morris. I readily admit that Meredith gives the best performance of Lastfogel I've seen, a mark for all future Lastfogels to shoot at.

I have one debt to *Magic*. Because of the film I looked up the derivation of the word "ventriloquism." It means "speaking from the belly." But *Magic* speaks from somewhere else.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Sam Rivers

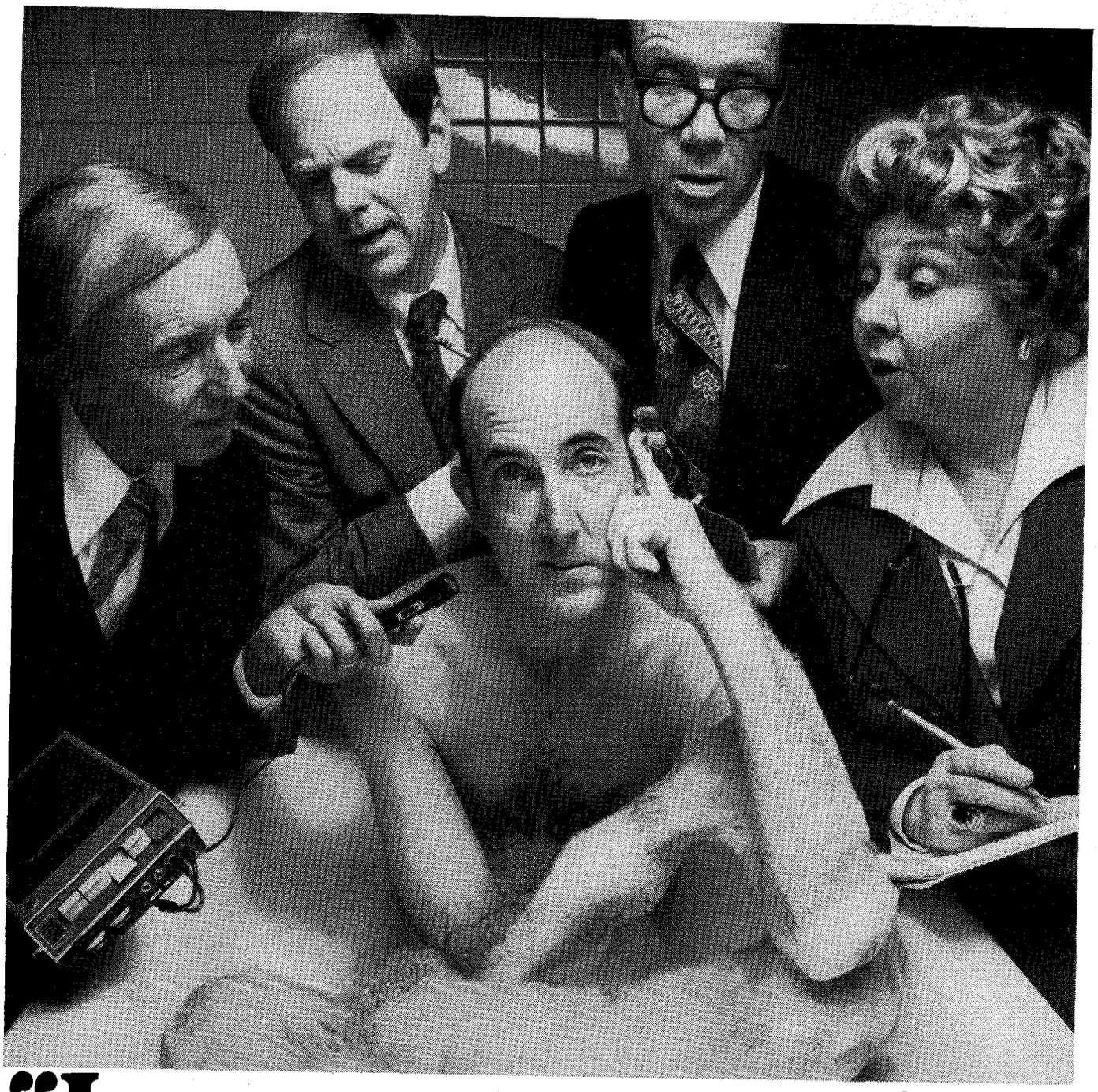
At the end of our conversation, Sam Rivers peered past the metal gate barring the entrance to his Bond St. loft in the SoHo district of New York City, smiled at his wife, and mentioned to me that once the music business had seemed too much for him, that stung by criticism and neglect, he had had what amounted to a breakdown. Once too sensitive, Rivers is now confident and secure. One of the few musicians associated with the jazz avant-garde who works as much as he wants, he has given concerts in the converted warehouse that has been his home for almost a decade; he teaches privately, and he has had an enormous though subterranean influence on other players. His free improvisations on tenor and soprano saxophones, flute and piano have reached a loyal, though perhaps too small, public, and he has been able to perform and record his orchestral compositions. The last Newport in New York Festival presented "The World of Sam Rivers" one evening in Carnegie Hall. Now, as Rivers told me, criticism "doesn't touch me."

Rivers comes from a family of talented musicians. His grandfather, Reverend Marshall W. Taylor, collected a volume of slave songs. Rivers's father sang in the gospel Silvertone Quartet, and his mother accompanied him on piano. Born on the road in Reno, Oklahoma in 1930, Rivers was brought home to Chicago where the family lived until Rivers's father was killed in an accident. In 1937 Rivers's mother took her family to Little Rock where she worked for Shorter College.

Sam's varied training in music began early. He heard spirituals and light classics at home and learned several instruments: "I was playing piano at first, then after a while violin and on top of that I was playing alto sax. When I was about 10 or 12 years old I started playing soprano in the marching band." About the same time he was singing with his brother and two cousins in a quartet called prophetically the "Tiny Tims": "We had a radio thing in Little Rock. We did a half-hour every week. It was gospel, spirituals and popular music."

Rivers started playing tenor sax seriously while at Jarvis Christian College in Texas. After college and a stint in the Navy, he and his brother Martin moved to Boston. "I went to study at the Boston Conservatory. I studied composition and viola. But I was also playing violin." At night Rivers played saxophone at a small bar and grill on Essex Street across from the old RKO Theater: "All the bands used to play the RKO and then they'd come across the street and hear us play. That's how Charlie Mariano went with Stan Kenton. He was playing with me one night and Kenton heard him. A lot of musicians went out like that. Quincy Jones was in the band on trumpet, Nat Pierce playing piano, Jaki Byard also. There were three or four bands a night—never a dull moment. They'd start at 12 noon and go to midnight. Two bands during the day and two bands at night. I was lucky—we played from 7 to 10, but it was seven days a week." Even this early Rivers showed a concern for other players that is a hallmark of his career. When a hungry musician came

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Just one more question for our files, Sir."

At what point do corporations' requests for personal information become an unwarranted invasion of our privacy?

How many of the questions they ask (and answers they demand) are really necessary? How much information do they already have about us? Where did they get it? How accurate is it? And how freely do they exchange it among themselves?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because these questions worry so many Americans today, Ætna wants to tell you how we are committed to doing business when you come to an Ætna agent or broker for personal insurance:[1]

We'll ask you for the information we need, and no more. We'll tell you what data we're after, how we intend to get it and from whom. If we turn you down, we'll tell you *why.* (And we *won't* turn you down just because someone else has.)

If you think we have misinformation, just ask what we've got. We'll tell you the nature and substance of all underwriting information in your file. (Except medical information which we'll give your doctor.) If you say some part of it is wrong, we'll reinvestigate—and respond.[2]

And we'll go out of our way not to pass on information about you without permission.[3]

By openly discussing our policies on privacy, we hope to encourage action among governmental and private organizations. And to insure this, we support both voluntary and legislative measures as recommended by the federal government's Privacy Protection Study Commission.[4]

Today the burden of proof rests upon business and government to show that we deal fairly and openly with private citizens. Don't underestimate your own influence in helping to protect your personal privacy. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna is protecting your privacy.

---

1 When any state law requires us to act differently, naturally, we must comply.

2 "Respond" means: If we are wrong, we'll correct the error by informing our source and anyone else you request who received the misinformation from us in the past two years. If we conclude our information is correct, we'll tell you so. If you ask, we'll even put your disagreement in the record. We'll also distribute that statement of disagreement in the same way as we would correct an error.

3 Occasionally, sound business reasons dictate exceptions (and we let you know what they are in advance). For example, Ætna will provide information needed by those selling or servicing our policies, for fraud prevention, or when required by law.

4 The federal Privacy Act of 1974 which established controls over the federal government's use of personal information, also created the Commission to explore the need for similar restraints on local governments and businesses. Ætna's President, William O. Bailey, served on this commission and the conclusions it arrived at are the basis for Ætna's privacy policy.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

Ætna Life & Casualty,
151 Farmington Avenue,
Hartford, CT 06156

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the grill, Rivers would let him take his place: "They'd come in and play and eat, and I'd go to the movies which were right around the corner. They'd sit in and I'd pay them."

Rivers learned a wide variety of popular songs on this job. "There was an old barrelhouse pianist who worked there—Larry Willis. The first night I came, he just said hello and started playing. I didn't know the first tune so I just had to sit there. Because he never said anything; just played all night. We were there for about a year, so I came away with a full knowledge of the standards. He knew them all and I must have learned two or three thousand standards—which I never use anymore."

While in Boston Rivers had another job that must have helped devalue the song form in his eyes. For a time he made a living writing jingles: "I put music to lyrics. You see that thing in the paper—send your lyrics and we'll put music to it. I used to write those tunes. I was very adept. I look at song-writing as a minimal occupation. It's not really an art—it's a craft. You see a line—it suggests a melody. So that's about it. There's choices of course, because one sentence suggests 10 melodies. You take the first that comes into your mind so you don't get bogged down in trying to be artistic about the subject. It's a product."

In Boston in the 1950s Rivers was playing bebop—he was even part of a big band that called themselves "The Beboppers." "Lester Young was my first influence. Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins and Eddie Davis—a lot of people like that." Even so, Rivers made a point of avoiding strict imitation. He played in a bebop style but not many bebop tunes. While at school he played viola in the Conservatory's orchestra and later he took part in some experiments in contemporary classical music. These experiments, he says, helped the evolution of his jazz playing. "Even in the late '50s I was playing bebop, but I was also playing other music at the same time—with a classical experimental group. The European avant-garde—they go a bit further than the jazz avant-garde. Throwing ink on paper and drawing graphs. We were playing paintings at the Museum. You would study the painting, its lines, and then play. The musicians were oriented toward European music—there were just a few jazz musicians and we were invited because of our specific talents for improvising."

In the early 1960s Rivers was playing classical music, performing regularly with Herb Pomeroy's Bassie-ish big band, and also working with a group including young Tony Williams on drums and Hal Galper on piano. His music was changing: "We were listening to Cecil Taylor's music and Ornette's. So that opened it up. It was a natural evolution for me. I don't know what would have happened if they hadn't broken the ground, though. Because I was pretty much facile at playing inside the chord structure, but I was also doing other things." Rivers considers the breakaway from strict rhythms and the chord structure of songs typified by Ornette Coleman's and Cecil Taylor's music the most radical innovation in music in the last 50 years—perhaps the last radical innovation.

Sam Rivers photo by Michael Ullman

On the road with blues singer T-Bone Walker in 1964, Rivers was asked to join the Miles Davis quintet. He played with Davis a scant six months: "It was supposed to have been Wayne Shorter working with Miles and I was supposed to go with Art Blakey. I just decided I didn't want to go into any more bebop. I was already past bebop. That was really it." Miles has had an impact on most of the musicians who have worked with him—but Rivers notes that the influence is not always positive. "I believe that the musicians who went through Miles's bands were just as impressed with his lifestyle as they were with his music. So if you want to achieve that kind of lifestyle, there's certain things you have to do with the music. You're going to have it while playing at the frontiers of the music."

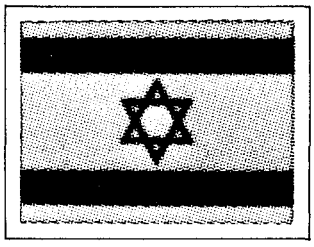
Soon after leaving Miles Davis, Rivers moved to New York. The change involved some sacrifice: "I was pretty well set, you know. It was really an uprooting to move, to sell my house and all that. I was as successful as I could be without being famous. I moved specifically because I had all these orchestrations and big band compositions, and it was hard finding musicians to play it. We had to move to Harlem." Rivers started a studio there, but needed more room, so he relocated in his current place in SoHo. In 1970, Rivers started giving concerts. "I wanted to have a place where I could rehearse any time I wanted to. I might have to have a rehearsal at two in the morning—because musicians are working. That's impossible in any other city. I can practice and play any time I want. I started the concerts because a fellow approached me when George Wein moved the Newport thing to New York and he didn't hire New York musicians." Rivers tried to solve the basic problem of young jazz musicians: "All the young musicians who come to New York, they know about this place. I try to gather all the young musicians and find some way for them to have an outlet for their talents so they don't get discouraged."

Rivers played with Cecil Taylor from 1968-73. The arrangement broke off when Taylor went to teach at Antioch: "I think it's best for me, because Cecil's such an overpowering player. When I first went with him, we rehearsed 4-5-6-7 hours without stopping. I really learned something about music, about what happens to you when you're there for 6 or 7 hours. It's like a long distance runner. After a while you don't feel the pain; you don't feel anything. You've run through all your clichés. You have to deal with something new in a different way altogether. It gets to be like total creativity."

According to Rivers, that condition is the reason for the long solos that typify modern jazz and that might offend audiences used to the two or three choruses of a recorded solo by Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker. But Rivers insists that he heard Parker play half-hour solos and he recalls the legendary all-night Kansas City jam sessions with such figures as Lester Young and Ben Webster. Now musicians are playing solos on the concert stage that previously would have been reserved for private sessions: "The only thing that is new is that the audience hears what used to be private

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To understand the news on the Mideast, you need more than the news on the Mideast.



First you need to increase your understanding of Egyptian politics by reading this authoritative account of the attempts of these two leaders to transform their country. ***Egypt's Uncertain Revolution under Nasser and Sadat*** by Raymond William Baker, $16.00, 320 pp.

Then you should peer behind the veils that conceal the women of Turkey, Iran, Egypt, Morocco, and other Muslim countries by reading this collection of 33 original articles. ***Women in the Muslim World,*** Edited by Lois Beck and Nikki Keddie, $30.00, 720 pp., illus.

You'll gain further perspective on the Middle East question by reading the book Ben Halpern of Brandeis calls, "A lucid and comprehensive survey...enlightening to the general reader." ***A History of the Jewish People,*** Edited by H.H. Ben-Sasson, $40.00, 1,100 pp., illus.

Finally, you'll qualify as a Mideast pundit when you've read the book Shimon Peres calls, "Compulsory reading for every responsible person interested in the fate of the Middle East and in the future of Israel." ***Israel: The Embattled Ally*** by Nadav Safran, $18.50, 672 pp., Belknap.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among the musicians. The audience is fortunate—musicians play for the audience the way they did for themselves."

Besides producing concerts in his Bond St. loft, Rivers started conducting workshops and other lessons. He tries to instill in his students his own sense of the importance of individuality in music, and he takes steps to see that his students don't imitate him: "The way I'm playing I make sure that I'm not imitated. I make sure that my students come up with their own individual approaches to the music. My students write their own exercises. They don't play anything but their own music—so how are they going to copy anybody?" Rivers believes in the importance of musical training, especially today. "The intuitive musicians don't last. They usually fall by the wayside. You really have to study. You can only do so much with intuition and then the brain has to take over, and you have to figure things."

A well schooled musician, Rivers wants to play intelligently and with emotion too. He is not, he says, interested in the kind of subtlety found in some contemporary classical music. "I can appreciate it—but I'm into fire. The emotional part of music is just as important as the cerebral. I'm not considered cerebral, because of the emotion in my music. But who was more cerebral than Charlie Parker or Lester Young? The balance has to be there for it to be music." On the other hand, Rivers draws a distinction between what he calls emotion and sheer excitement. Rock music, often called "high energy," is to him merely loud. "This is the age of excitement. Everyone has got to be on a rollercoaster. But I'm not sure excitement and emotion are the same things."

In recent years, Rivers has become more well known. He has made a series of successful records for Impulse, and his tours are consistently well received. Rivers attributes these trends to his care for audiences: "There's an accessibility about our music. There's no compromise, but we still swing, we still play blues sounds, and avant-garde too. It's easy enough to identify with some part of our music. We keep it changing—it's sort of a stream of consciousness. We are all familiar with the history of the music, so we can go anywhere we want. I'm thinking in terms of creativity first. I'm also thinking in terms of change in the music. I don't want to bore anybody." A typical performance of the Sam Rivers trio might begin with a short phrase played on Rivers's even-toned tenor, Dave Holland might answer the phrase on his bass, or harmonize Rivers's next statement. As the piece develops—little is planned beforehand—the two will be joined by drummer barry Altschul, and together the musicians play non-stop for as much as an hour and a half. Rivers changes the music by suddenly playing in a blues vein, by dropping out and allowing a duet to develop, by humming and singing, and by changing instruments: in almost every appearance he plays tenor and soprano, piano and flute. Inevitably there are moments when the music drags, but also there are moments of what Rivers calls "total creativity," when the band plays spontaneously and dramatically with both soul and wit. In his live performances, Rivers feels comfortable, as he says, "starting with nothing and just building."

Curiously his recordings are not necessarily more strictly arranged. "In a record I like a bit of play beforehand. We talk about it—like, we're going to do a certain section here, or we're going to play for five minutes, and there'll be a duet here. That's all. Nothing else. I can do big band arrangements like that too—but I write them out. I have big band arrangements that are all written; I have some not written at all; and some, my favorites, are part written and part improvised. I see that some people criticize the densities in my music. They don't point out that these densities are built up to from one-line melodies which are harmonized. I might have three lines going together at the same time, each harmonized. So then you get the density. But I try to cover the spectrum so you can't really say, 'he does this.' I have the knowledge and experience and try to use all the existing materials I can. I have no set patterns of composition. I'm an intuitive writer in a sense. When I start writing I have no idea what I'm going to write, and when I'm finished I'm amazed that I did it. But I can explain everything."

Rivers started being his own producer because of the inadequacy of the working conditions elsewhere. He notes that he has developed a reputation for being difficult. "Anyone who speaks his mind and doesn't let you cheat them is difficult in this business. It's the same all over the world. In Luxembourg, a guy said to me, 'Mr. Rivers, please do us a favor. We've got a small place and we're trying to get this jazz thing started in Luxembourg. It's a small place—if you play, we can pay you like $400.' So I looked at my schedule and I said, 'Well, we can do it since we're coming through anyway.' So we drove up from Paris, we got into the place and there's a thousand people there. I said, 'Wait a minute. We don't play.' I got up and made a speech to the people, and told them what was happening. People had come from miles around, from several countries and they understood what I was saying. They were on my side. They'd paid $7 a head. The producer came up with some money, we played, but he put the word around—don't deal with Rivers; he's difficult."

"I don't think I've ever seen any interviews when the musician has really given any of the undercurrent going on in the music business. And it's very foul out there—it's politics and as dirty as politics can be. But it's not the musicians. It's the people that are around the music. They create a competitiveness that is not really necessary. The worst people are presidents of recording companies. Agents are terrible. I'm thinking of one cat—he wanted to be a drummer and he was the worst in the world. Musicians would laugh at him. So he decided to be an agent and 6 or 8 months later, he was saying 'I can get these cats a dime a dozen.' Well, I'm shocked at this kind of talk." Rivers played in Washington at a club whose owner asked him to play for 30 minutes and take an hour break so that customers would drink more. Rivers is equally disenchanted with the record business. He has terminated an agreement with ABD Impulse records, partially because he felt they were not giving him adequate publicity or studio time. "I made *Crystals* (a big band record) in three hours in the studio. That's phenomenal. I didn't have enough studio time to really do a good record."

Recently, Rivers cut back on the activities he was managing at his loft. "I had students coming in from about 11 o'clock and workshops going as late as 6—then the concert would start around 8 and two or three groups would play until 4 in the morning. It was really a bit much." He kept going because of his concern for other musicians. "There was nothing else, no other place to play, so I couldn't break it off." Every year the loft was open, Rivers lost money despite foundation grants. "The place was too small—it can hold 125-130 people at the most. And if I have two bands and am paying $500 a band, there's no way I can make $1000 at the door unless I'm charging $10 a head. Even that wouldn't cover the newspapers and the telephone and the flyers."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While he will be doing less producing, Rivers is going to put out his own record. He has already recorded enough for two albums: "It's a quartet record with my new quartet: Joe Daley on tuba, Dave Holland on bass, and Thurman Barker on drums. It's a potpourri." There are many other Rivers records currently available. He can be heard with various trios on *Hues* (Impulse ASD-9302), a recording whose titles at least might owe something to the days when Rivers would play "paintings." *Crystals* documents his recent big band techniques, from dense multi-lined "Exultation" to the good-natured funk of "Tranquility." *Streams* (Impulse AS-9251) is a long, live performance that most faithfully reproduces Rivers's concert performances, and *Sizzle* adds Ted Dunbar's electric guitar for a more "contemporary" sound (Impulse ASD-9316). Rivers has recorded stunning duets with bassist Dave Holland (Improvising Artists 373843, 373848). Bluenote has in print two early Rivers albums, including *Fuchsia Swing Song* with Jaki Byard (BN84184), and a double album, *Involution* (BN-LA453-H2). Rivers can be heard as a sideman to Tony Williams (Bluenote 84180, 84216), to Don Pullen (Black Saint BSR 0004), and to Cecil Taylor (Prestige P-34003). But perhaps the best place to start hearing Rivers's music is with the less than two-minute cut "Indigo" in *Hues*. It begins with a loose, rollicking drum and bass rhythm maintained behind Rivers's tenor. He plays blues sound with easy skill and deep feeling.

Rivers is the first to admit that he will never be a superstar—he is not even a cult figure, because "you really can't copy my way of soloing." But his playing has an indefinable charm even at its most aggressive. He is a responsible man: "I've never been late. I've never played an uninspired performance." And as is clear, he believes in the power of music: "You can write about a person whatever you like but in the final results, it is up to that person. If he doesn't come up with it—no matter what you write—he's not going to last." Perhaps we cannot touch Sam Rivers, but a growing number of people are finding that Rivers can touch them. Clearly he's going to last.

Books Considered

The New Old: Struggling for Decent Aging
edited by Ronald Gross, Beatrice Gross and Sylvia Seidman

(Doubleday-Anchor; $5.95)

Aging and the Elderly: Humanistic Perspectives in Gerontology
edited by Stuart F. Spicker, Kathleen M. Woodward and David Van Tassell

(Humanities Press; cloth $15, paper $8.95)

Old age is a time whose topic has come. Jack Ossofsky, the able executive director of The National Council on the Aging, observed several years ago that "the 1960s were a time of Civil Rights. The 1970s emphasized women's rights. I think that the 1980s will be a time for the rights of the aged." His prediction seems to have come true well ahead of schedule. Public interest in the problem of aging has grown enormously during the past few years. The remarkable breadth and diversity of concern are strikingly displayed in two books which have recently appeared.

Both are collections of essays. One of them, *The New Old*, is an anthology addressed primarily to the general reader. It offers a broad selection of short pieces—exhortations by Alex Comfort and Robert Butler, monographs by Bernice Neugarten and Matilda Riley, manifestos by the Grey Panthers and the Black Caucus, angry exposes of conditions in ghettos and nursing homes, and attacks upon the myths and prejudices which still so heavily encrust the subject of aging. There is also a good deal of reflective writing by old people themselves, and, most interesting of all, a set of statements about some of the many new programs on aging which are proliferating so rapidly today. The editors have also added a good bibliography and a useful guide to services, organizations and journals. Altogether, *The New Old* is an excellent introduction to its subject.

The second book, *Aging and the Elderly*, is more for academic readers—a set of scholarly essays on aging by humanists of every shape and hue. About a third of the contributors are historians. The rest represent a dozen different disciplines in literature and the fine arts, philosophy and religion, law and medicine. Most of the essays are about ethical problems in gerontology—questions of value and judgment in attitudes toward aging. Some are of very high quality—a brilliant article on the iconography of aging by Geri Berg and Sally Gadow; an informative report on aging in Communist China by Thomas Ganschow, and a gentle polemic by Erik and Joan Erikson. Other pieces are not so good. But the book as a whole succeeds in opening a fresh perspective on its subject. Gerontology is a field which has long been dominated by social science. It is good to have it tempered by a touch of the humanities.

Taken together, these two books contain more than 80 interpretative essays on aging. The arguments are diverse, even contradictory. Most of the authors share a motivating sense of the aging process as a "social problem." But they deeply disagree as to what the nature of the problem is, and how it should be solved. The result is a considerable confusion of voices, some raised to a high pitch. Vivian Gornick tells us, for example, that "America is one of the worst countries in the world in which to grow old," while Merrill Clark insists that it is really one of the best. We are variously informed that things have never been worse, and never better; that we need more government action and less of it; that the "plight" of the old is pitiable in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extreme, and that pity itself is part of the problem.

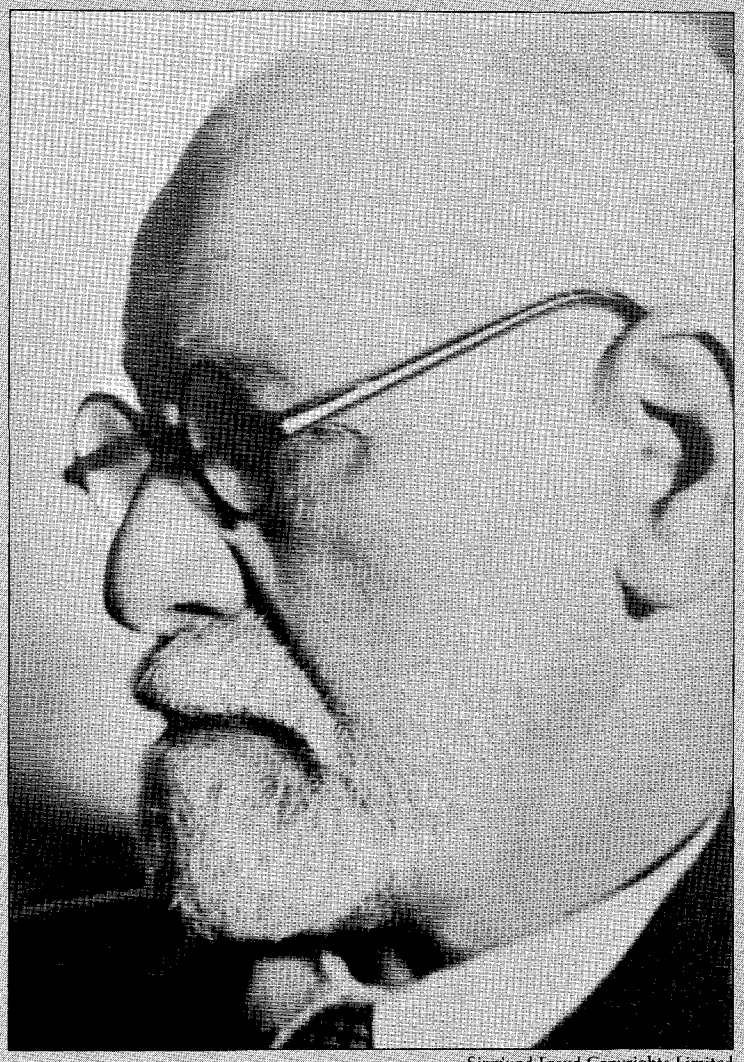
It isn't easy to make sense of so many and such varied opinions. But an interesting pattern begins to emerge if we study them *historically*, as events in their own right. The great diversity of contemporary interest in aging becomes a unity of sorts if we understand it as *movement*, both in the general sense of something that is changing through time, and more specifically as the latest of the great American reform movements, whose history it is repeating in new and important ways.

II

One of the striking characteristics of American reform movements is their continuing capacity for self-reform. Their open, pluralistic structures have made them highly adaptable to changing historical circumstances. As a consequence, many have lasted for a very long time. We have had a feminist movement for more than 130 years, and a race-equality movement even longer. The movement for penal reform began in the 18th century and is still going strong. The concern for help to the physically handicapped started in the early 19th century, and has maintained its historical momentum. All of those great reform movements managed to institutionalize themselves in America. The result is a society in process of permanent reform—the American alternative to permanent revolution.

The great American reform movements succeeded in doing those things by undergoing one particular change—a complex process of enlargement, in both quantitative and qualitative terms. All managed to grow larger in many ways at once—in the strength of their numbers, in the size of their institutions, and most of all in the scope of their ideals.

Those changes, which have happened so often in the history of American reform, are happening again today in the age movement. The quantitative trend is clear enough in a few growth statistics. The first public commission on aging was founded by the state of Massachusetts in 1909. Today the National Network on the Aging coordinates the activity of some 1300 public agencies. In the universities, the study of gerontology scarcely existed in a formal way before World War II. By 1975, a national directory listed 1275 educational programs on aging, and



Sigmund Freud Copyrights Limited

Freud, about 1935

What an amount of good nature and humor it takes to endure the gruesome business of growing old. [. . .] I am of course, more and more dependent on Anna's care, just as Mephistopheles once remarked:

In the end we all depend
On creatures we ourselves have made.

In any case it was very wise to have made her.

(Letter to Lou Andreas-Salome, May 16, 1935.)

From *Sigmund Freud: His Life in Pictures and Words;*
edited by Ernst Freud, Lucie Freud and Ilse Grubrich-Simitis.
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $34.95 to December 31, 1978; thereafter $39.95.)

Using photographs of Freud, his family, friends and coadjutors and such decisive places in his life as the Hall of the Viennese Medical Society (where he shocked the doyens of the medical establishment by producing a male hysteric), this book creates a memorable montage of Freud's life; and the excerpts from Freud's letters and papers which accompany the photographs make up a running autobiography of his mind. The pictures are extraordinary; the words eloquent, wise and revealing. His early letters to Martha Bernays are ardent, and he is elated over his discovery of the secret mechanism of dreams, but from the death of his daughter Sophie and her young son in the 1920s until his own death in 1939 he becomes progressively disengaged from life. As a young man he found the Oedipus complex in his own unconscious; in old age he discovered the "death instinct." This splendid book reminds one of the remarkable degree to which psychoanalysis is the science of Freud's psyche.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there are many more today. Most numerous of all are a great range of voluntary associations. *The New Old* offers examples which suggest something of their astonishing variety. In Denver, there is a group called the Soroptimist Club Denture Effort; in Minneapolis, a "senior-owned" drug store cooperative. In Hartford, an ingenious tax "work-off" program helps older people stay in their homes. New Orleans has a home maintenance group called Repairs on Wheels. Many cities have employment services for the elderly; one is called "Rent-a-Granny." In California (where else?) there is a highly successful organization called SAGE, which was allegedly inspired by Tibetan attitudes toward old age. It offers instruction in yoga, meditation, and biofeedback techniques as remedies for the psychic stresses of aging.

There are also many political groups, which have grown to astonishing size. The American Association of Retired Persons (AARP), founded only 20 years ago, now has nine million members. It is so big that the Post Office has given it a zip code of its own (20049). With the National Retired Teachers Association and the National Council of Senior Citizens and many other groups, it maintains a "grey lobby" of enormous strength in Washington. "To find lobbying skills equal to those of organizations that represent the elderly," David Hapgood writes, "you have to go to someone with a gun—the weapons contractors or the National Rifle Association." The Grey Lobby has never lost a major campaign. It has defeated the AMA on Medicare, the great corporations on forced retirement, and taxpayer groups on social security.

The growth-rate of the grey movement may fall during the next few years; like many other reform movements, its quantitative history combines the circle and the line. It has tended to be most dynamic during periods of economic depression or recession—1930s, late 1950s, early 1970s. If business conditions continue to brighten during the next few years, we may reasonably anticipate a period of consolidation, even contraction. But through the cycles that the ebb and flow of the economy impose upon it, the secular trend moves strongly upward. The quantitative growth of the age movement is likely to continue. At the same time, there has also been a *qualitative* enlargement of the movement—a broadening of its ideas and purposes. That change has happened in several ways at once. First, and perhaps most important, is a subtle shift in its organizing terms. Only a few years ago, it was mainly concerned with old age. Today, it is mostly about aging. The titles of both new books are ambiguous in that respect. The cause of their ambiguity is an ongoing change in attitudes within the movement itself.

Throughout American history, old age was commonly understood as a static life-stage with fixed chronological boundaries. Puritan writers defined it as life after 60; New Deal Liberals changed the year but kept the concept, which has become deeply embedded in our social security and retirement systems.

Today, attitudes are moving in a new direction. The idea of old age as a life-stage is yielding to a more dynamic conception of aging as a life-process. An important early step in that direction was taken by Bernice Neugarten, in her classical essay on the "young-old" and the "old-old." That distinction cut through the core of "old age" as a unitary idea. The next conceptual step, which many of these writers have already taken, carries beyond static life-stages altogether, to a conception of aging as a great continuum.

These abstract issues are of more than academic importance. They make a practical difference in how we think about the world and also in what we do about it. The shift from a static idea of old age to a dynamic model of aging is of great importance in that respect. If aging is a great continuum, without discrete physiological breaks, then the conventional life-stages which we use to organize our thoughts and institutions begin to appear as social artifacts which are arbitrarily imposed upon the life-cycle. And if the legitimacy of life-stages is called into question, then so also are the age-stereotypes and the systems of age stratification which rest upon them.

Aging is something real in the natural world. But old age is a social fiction which we impose upon it. The great ongoing transition from static to dynamic conceptions of the aging process will in time transform not only our ideas but also our cultural institutions.

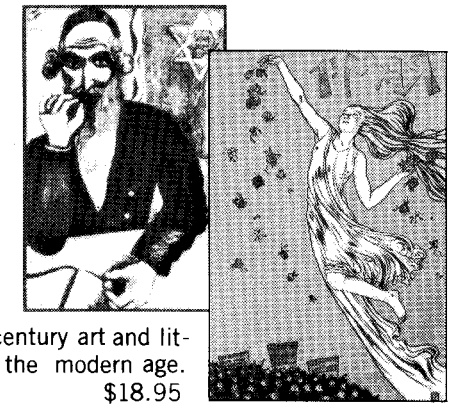
III

The conceptual shift from old age to aging is merely one of many intellectual changes in the age-movement today. Another has enlarged its primary goal.

A fascinating story, gorgeously told, as only Harrison Salisbury could tell it.

RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION 1900 1930

by Harrison E. Salisbury



Beautifully designed, with over 250 astonishing photos and a fascinating text, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Harrison Salisbury offers a stunning view of the first thirty years of the Russian Revolution, whose cultural and political upheavals destroyed the constraints of 19th-century art and literature, and ushered in the modern age. $18.95

An Alternate Selection of Book-of-the-Month Club and Macmillan Book Clubs Library of World History

Holt, Rinehart & Winston HR&W

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Early in this century, the movement began as a drive for "old age security." That purpose was strengthened by the suffering of so many people during the Depression, when at one time nearly two-thirds of Americans over 65 were dependent on relief. The major problem was material need, and its solution was generally sought in some sort of government intervention.

Today, things look different. Pauperism among older Americans still exists (though it has greatly declined). The goal of old age security has not been reached for all Americans, but it is increasingly submerged in a larger and more complex purpose, which is not one of providing security for the aged, but promoting autonomy throughout the aging process. Material means are, of course, necessary for autonomy but not sufficient to that end. Autonomy requires many other things. Most of all, it requires an extension of possibilities for making choices in the world. And in that respect the solution to old-age security has become another problem in its own right.

Many writers on aging today are intensely hostile to what David Hapgood calls "bureaucratized aging"—a world where choices are made not by private individuals but by public authorities, and the problem of aging is understood as something "government is to take care of through social security, medicare and nursing homes." Protests are increasingly heard that too many older Americans have tended to become the ironic victims of a system of inverse paternalism, where freedom of choice—to work or not to work, to live in one's old neighborhood or to move out, to enter a nursing home or stay on one's own, choices of that sort—are increasingly constrained by external circumstances over which individuals have little control.

The purpose of the age movement is to pry open those possibilities for choice, and to keep them open as long as possible in life. One example is the campaign against forced retirement at a fixed age. Real progress has been made in that respect. But recent polls show that only 15 percent of older Americans are in the work force today, and 30 percent would like to be. Much remains to be done.

The movement against mandatory retirement rests upon a solid national consensus. Louis Harris found that 80 percent of all Americans were against forced retirement. But that majority, unhappily, does not include a good many corporation executives, university administrators and union officials, who are preoccupied with the very real problems of equity in any alternative policy. Partly as a consequence, job-discrimination laws still do not apply to people who stand most in need of protection. The problem of retirement is far from solved. It will be a major issue in the age movement for many years to come.

The purpose of promoting autonomy in the aging process expresses itself in other ways. One of them is an enlargement in the social purposes of the age movement—a change caused by new discoveries in history and social science. A few years ago, many gerontologists worked on the assumption that a major cause of trouble in age-relations was the disintegration of the "extended family" and the isolation of the old from children and grandchildren. Major efforts were made to deal with the problem of aging by encouraging (even requiring) closer relations between parents and children, and also by attempting to build surrogate structures to replace the extended family.

The progress of social history has transformed that idea of the problem. A group of historians led by Peter Laslett has discovered the important fact that the extended family was never a normal unit of residence in England or America. People of almost every age lived, for the most part, in nuclear two-generation households.

At the same time social scientists such as Ethel Shanas have uncovered the surprising fact that in modern society most people remain until they die in close communication with relatives, and that only a few complain of being lonely or isolated. Feelings of loneliness, by the way, are more acute among American males of college age than at any other time of life. And a sense of loneliness seems to have very little to do with proximity to relatives.

The result of those discoveries has been still another important qualitative change in the purposes of the age movement. Alex Comfort summarizes it when he writes that "contrary to belief, as we get older we need relatives less and friends more." The former purpose of the age movement was to recover a lost spirit of community to replace the extended family. The new object is very different. It has less to do with community than with society. Gone (or going) from gerontology today is a nostalgia for ordered, holistic, communal structures which never existed in the past and which few people desire for themselves in the future. Today the primary purpose is to encourage the formation of pluralistic networks of association which might respond to variations of individual taste. Associations are being spawned in great profusion by the age movement today. They range from cultural and political and economic organizations of high sophistication to basement centers where "senior citizens" in rocking chairs listen to Lawrence Welk and make macaroni jewelry. The Grey Panthers rage against those places as "geriatric playpens." Others rail against the Grey Panthers too. When people have freedom to choose, they don't always make choices that other people like. But through all that *sturm und drang* a new sort of social comity is in the making. It is modeled not on some mythical *Gemeinschaft* from the half-remembered past, but a complex modern *Gesellschaft*, an open and pluralistic social system where adults of every age are recognized as autonomous individuals who have a right to *choose* their associative relations, and rarely wish to circumscribe them to the narrow limits of consanguinity.

In the age movement, all those things are increasingly being done not *to* older Americans but *by* them. This change marks still another enlargement of the movement. A few years ago, the "old" were regarded by many gerontologists as objects of reform. Today, older Americans are not objects but agents. That phenomenon is not without precedent—the Townshend movement, for example. But today there is an astonishing breadth of activity which variously appears in Claude Pepper's leadership of the campaign against forced retirement, in Maggie Kuhn's "Media watch," eternally on the *qui vive* against television presentations of old age as "naptime," and in many other efforts.

This enlargement happened in other reform movements. The movement for black rights was begun by whites, and

CONNECTICUT'S consumer counsel has asked the phone company to do something about the injustice of alphabetical listings in the yellow pages — a system that gives irrational advantage to the A's of this world. He proposes that the listings be scrambled, or reversed, every other year. Oh yes — the man's name is Zitser. We rather suspect things would be different if his mother had married an aardvark.

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. R-20 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leadership passed to blacks only in the 20th century. Some of the earliest arguments for the rights of women were written by men. And the age movement was set in motion by people in the middle years of life. Today, it is increasingly in the hands of older people themselves.

Not very many years ago, more than a few gerontologists tried to help people to "grow old gracefully," which meant a quiet acceptance of "disengagement" as our natural lot in life. Today, different voices are heard, and the ideal is *engage* in more meanings than one. Robert Kastenbaum writes caustically of his colleagues, "The gracefully aging person has the knack of making us [gerontologists] feel better. This type of elder is . . . content with his or her lot . . . noncompetitive, noncomplaining . . . knows his place . . . also eats watermelon and fried chicken and has a natural sense of rhythm." Here is an angry theme of a sort that has so often appeared in other reform movements—the elder as nigger in the minds of others and even himself.

An object of increasing importance in the age movement is consciousness raising among older Americans, who are increasingly militant, organized and outspoken in their own behalf. The parallels among the movements for race, sex and age equality are strong and clear.

IV

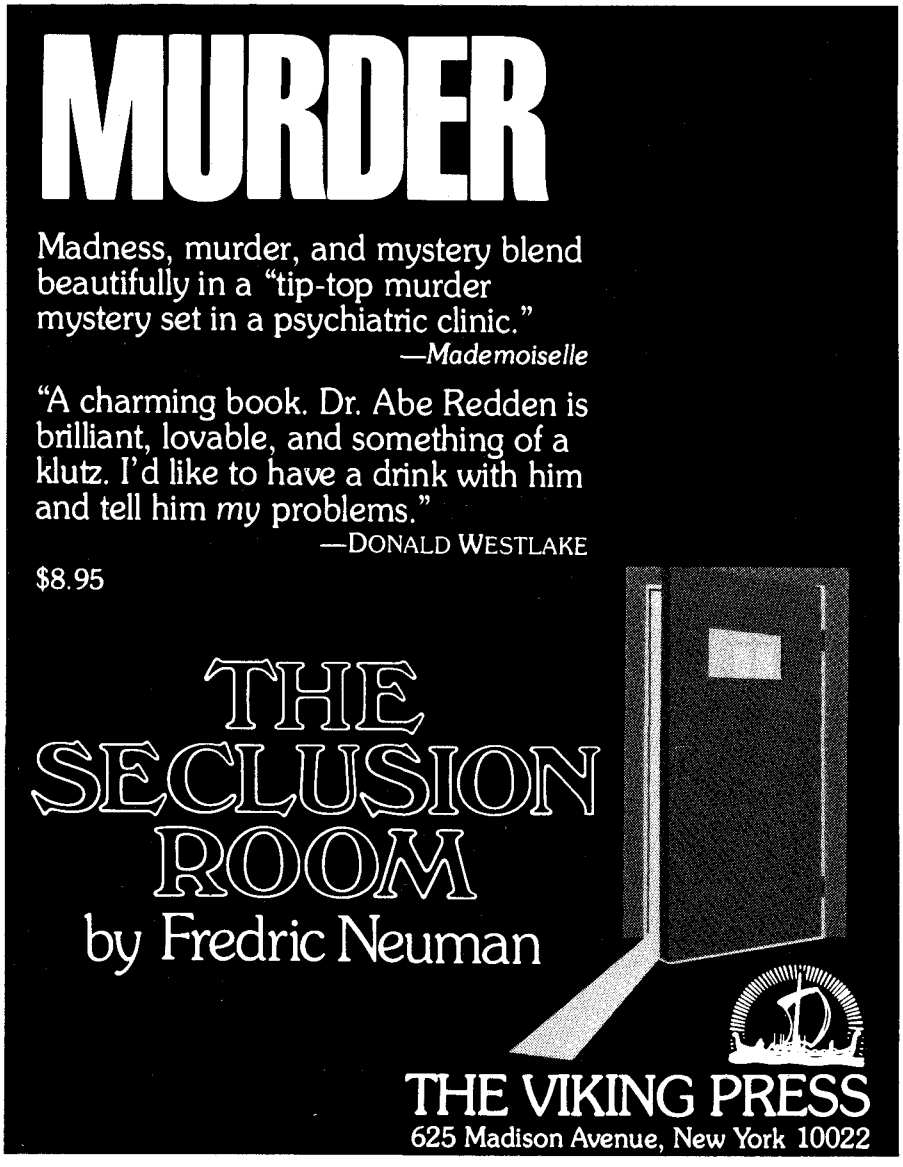
If the grey movement is changing its mind about what it is for, it is also changing in what it is against. The result is still another process of enlargement, in the attitudes that it seeks to oppose. A few years ago the great intellectual enemy of the movement was called *gerontophobia*—fear of aging, loathing of the aged. Today that word is not much heard, except among historians who apply it to past attitudes. The target has shifted from *gerontophobia* to *ageism*—a new word for a new thought. The term probably appeared in print in 1968, when Carl Bernstein wrote a piece in *The Washington Post* on a housing controversy where the word was used by Dr. Robert Butler.

Ageism isn't a pretty word. But it summarizes more succinctly than any other term all the things that the movement is against today. Ageism is not really an alternative to gerontophobia but an extension of it. As an intellectual category it is at once more inclusive and more precise. If gerontophobia meant a special kind of fear and loathing, ageism means the outward expression of those emotions in attitudes, ideology and institutions. The word *ageism* is meant to establish a symmetry with racism and sexism. It describes a *systemic* social phenomenon which is simultaneously manifested in social doctrines, social institutions and social acts.

The new term is an extension of the old one in other ways too. Gerontophobia could be inflicted only upon the old. Ageism, on the other hand, is a social prejudice against people of *any* age. Just as whites might be victims of black racism, and men may sometimes be the objects of female chauvinism, so younger people can be (in early America actually were) targets of ageism too.

Ageism is often very subtle in its expressions, and has frequently appeared in the age movement itself. A good many gerontological writings implied that the way to improve "old age" was to make it as much like youth as possible. That was ageism of a kind. Others who invited us to share a sense of compassion for the old were unable to avoid what John Roche calls the "curse of generational pity." That was ageism too. Still others spoke of creating a "normal, healthy old age" in a way which implied that aging itself was abnormal, pathological, sick. That was ageism once more.

Those attitudes are still heard from gerontologists of the old school. Juanita Kreps, for instance, writes innocently in an essay on aging, ". . . to spread a bit of cheer, let us suppose that we are all young . . ." That gerontological gaffe, however trivial it might seem to others, is increasingly regarded as a kind of implicit ageism. Generational jokes which imply something negative about old age, or still more about old people, are coming under the same sort of ban that has been extended to race and sex jokes. Humor of that sort which seemed so lighthearted only a generation ago is now thought to carry a heavy freight of social prejudice—no laughing matter.


MURDER
Madness, murder, and mystery blend beautifully in a "tip-top murder mystery set in a psychiatric clinic."
—Mademoiselle
"A charming book. Dr. Abe Redden is brilliant, lovable, and something of a klutz. I'd like to have a drink with him and tell him my problems."
—DONALD WESTLAKE
$8.95
THE SECLUSION ROOM
by Fredric Neuman
THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the age movement grows larger, it encompasses a larger proportion of the American population and a larger part of American culture. That change is both quantitative and qualitative in its nature. The age movement is becoming more militant but less radical, like so many other American reforms before it. The American labor movement was one of the most violent in the western world, and yet one of the least radical in its ideology and programs. So also was the American abolition movement. In that respect the American age movement is running true to the American reform-type. It is becoming less unitary and more pluralistic, less abstract and more pragmatic, less communal and more individualistic, less egalitarian perhaps and more libertarian. In short, it is becoming more American in its nature. The drive for old age security was heavily indebted to European socialism. The new concern for autonomy in the aging process owes virtually nothing to that tradition. With Marxist thought it has no kinship whatever. The great so-called ideologies, which are increasingly in disarray throughout the world, have made themselves irrelevant to the solution of social problems which cannot be conceptualized within a model of class oppression. The problem of aging has nothing to do with class conflict. Radicals have contributed little to the age movement in recent years, beyond a certain hectoring criticism from the sidelines.

The age movement is a liberal reform. Its enormous strength and vitality are evidence that the reports we have received of the death of liberalism are premature.

David Hackett Fischer

David Hackett Fischer is chairman of the American History program at Brandeis and the author of *Growing Old in America* (Oxford).

Essays on Literature and Politics 1932-1972 by Philip Rahv

(Houghton Mifflin; $15)

This new selection of Philip Rahv's essays is divided into three sections to illustrate the main areas of his concern. This first is preoccupied with American literature as embodying certain great merits and equally great limitations in the experience of American life. The second consists of the available chapters of a study of Dostoevsky which Rahv did not live to complete; it also includes several essays on Russian and European writers, notably Tolstoy, Gogol, Chekhov, Kafka, Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Solzhenitsyn, and Sinyavsky. The third section comprises 11 essays written on public themes, currencies of attitude and mood between 1932 and 1971.

Philip Rahv was born in the Russian Ukraine in 1908. His real name was Ivan Greenberg. In 1922 he came to America to live with his older brother. When he became a Communist he changed his name to Rahv, meaning *rabbi*. In 1934 he founded, with his friend William Phillips, *Partisan Review*, and discovered his permanent theme, the politics of literature: the discovery formulated the only questions which were ever to interest him, and the answers he offered tell the story of his entire life. There is some evidence that he lost interest in these questions a few years before he died, or decided that, the age having taken the crazy form it insisted on producing, anything he would want to say would be belated. But his life and work constitute a document of extraordinary bearing upon American experience in the last 50 years.

Given Rahv's early years, it was natural that he should find his first preoccupation in the nature of American life and history. In his most famous essay, "Paleface and Redskin" (1939), he characterized American experience as a dissociation between energy and sensibility, between conduct and theories of conduct, between life conceived as an opportunity and life conceived as a discipline. His early essays are concerned with the severance of qualities, the split personality of American life as revealed in its major witnesses, Whitman, James, Hawthorne, Melville. The search for experience seemed always to be conducted in terms alien to consciousness: where consciousness was evidently active, it seemed starved of experience. It was natural, too, that Rahv should try to find the theoretic form of coherence and wholeness in the great European novels, where he hoped to find instances of mind commensurate with experience.

Experience is Rahv's word; it turns up on virtually every page of his essays. Sometimes he uses it to mean everything in life that the mind should encounter not by chance but by purpose and an intuitive sense of what it needs. So he speaks of "a dichotomy between experience and consciousness" as the typical American disability. But sometimes he uses it to mean 'felt life' rather than 'life's total practice,' and in that sense it is hard to see that there could be a dichotomy between experience and consciousness. I can only explain this ambivalence by saying that to Rahv experience was the grander term and that while he revered consciousness and was stirred by ideas, he knew that consciousness can be deployed in a vacuum and that ideas can easily be handled as separate objects, consumer goods. If experience were construed as felt life, it would name the only life he cared about. Consciousness in excess of experience was a menace, fashionable in several theories of literature which contrived to be persuasive to naive readers who wanted to be relieved of the chore of being serious. True consciousness would act in the service of experience, trying to understand it in its diversity and depth and latitude, and would be ready to find itself by losing itself in that understanding. In one of his last essays on Henry James, Rahv thought that James had failed to encounter "the richness, the depth, and the ultimately terrifying gratuity of man's being-in-the-world." His failure could have only one cause, the failure of his consciousness to engage with enough experience and with experience sufficiently exacting and recalcitrant to enforce a sense of that appalling gratuity.

To Rahv, the politics of literature could be tested only in the novel and in the phase of its realism; roughly, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Proust, with Joyce as virtually the end of a great human action. Dostoevsky was crucial precisely because a reader of Rahv's persuasion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have to wrestle with him and understand him by fighting with him till dawn. Rahv fights Dostoevsky over God, immortality, Christianity, 'the sphere of the numinous,' his lurid spirituality. All of this is alien to Rahv, and to make it tolerable he has to show how deeply it consorted with the other side of Dostoevsky, his secularism and naturalism. There is no doubt that Rahv wanted to see Dostoevsky drawn over at last into a commitment to the song of the earth rather than the song of Heaven and Hell. He quotes William James as saying that "the earth of things, long thrown into shade by the glories of the upper ether, must resume its rights," and he shows Dostoevsky's genius touching that earth at last, with whatever degree of vacillation. Rahv would not have it otherwise.

This points to the only limitation in Rahv worth talking about. He was always sure that he knew what reality is, and where it begins and ends. In a rather slight commentary on Virginia Woolf's famous essay "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown," Rahv argues that Woolf, having insisted on the inescapable presence of Mrs. Brown in any work of art, forgot her at once and left her outside her own novels. Rahv demanded that she be brought in and never again forgotten. "If literature can be said to have a permanent theme," he asserted, "that theme is precisely The Mystery of Mrs. Brown, who is a creature of many paradoxes and truly unfathomable." But he always implied that he knew Mrs. Brown very well, or at least well enough to sense in her all the things he did not know and to make his whole experience of Mrs. Brown a constituent of his own felt life. I do not mean that he thought of himself as a novelist, but that he thought he knew what form a true novelist's sense of Mrs. Brown would take. But his essays suggest that Rahv's sense of Mrs. Brown was almost willfully constricted. He assumed that she would be known in her visible attributes, her carriage, her attitudes, tones, and voice, her relations with others and her general bearing in the world. But he would not have allowed that her relation to herself might be conducted in terms of introspection, fantasy, a conviction of God's presence, or (in Yeats's phrase) a vision of "the terrors that pass before shut eyes." It may be true that Virginia Woolf was too ready to transform Mrs. Brown into pure spirit, but Rahv was too determined to keep her to strict materiality.

I cannot otherwise explain Rahv's refusal to let his imaginative sympathy reach out to include Hawthorne's concern for sin and redemption: he could not respect any form of reality which represented itself in terms of allegory, dream or fantasy; these seemed to him merely signs of a gross penury of experience. When he refers to "sensation and impression of a volatile kind" in Virginia Woolf's fiction, he is convinced

Philip Rahv photo © 1978 by Jill Krementz

that his reference sufficiently disposes of the issue. The banned areas of experience, in Rahv's criticism, are those indicated by such words as abstraction, fantasy, otherworldliness and belief. But to some people, to many Mrs. Browns, these are areas of feeling they could not and would not wish to live without. Rahv is fully entitled to his conviction that "we have nothing to go on but the rational disciplines of the secular mind as, alone and imperiled, it confronts its freedom in a universe stripped of supernatural sanctions." My own conviction is that such a mind has other matters to confront besides its freedom. But let that pass. Rahv is also fully entitled to think that "the principle of realism presupposes a thoroughly secularized relationship between the ego and experience," though his own troubles with Dostoevsky make this statement bold rather than accurate. But he is not entitled to claim special tenderness for ordinary life and then exclude every form of it that happened to be alien to him. There is a certain positivism in Rahv's mind which wishes away many crucial constituents of the only form of literature he espoused, the 19th-century realistic novel.

I have done with complaining. The fact is that I cannot think of modern American criticism without finding in Rahv a constant witness to its seriousness and care. The fact that he lost interest in literature after Eliot and Joyce troubles me. True, he thought well of Bellow's *Herzog* and admired the Russian dissident novelists. He was sufficiently interested in Norman Mailer's work to find it a desperate symptom of hysteria at large. He seems to have no interest in literary theory, except in the few rudimentary notions which he ascribed to realism. There are large areas of literature—Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare—which he was evidently happy to entrust to others. But he exerted such pressure upon the literature he needed that his criticism amounted to a morality. He read the American novelists in the hope of discovering what forms American experience had taken and what forms it might still take. Whitman, James and Hawthorne were indeed writers, but they were important to Rahv as indicating producible forms of experience, and at the same time for the price each of them paid for his characteristic form in its limitation or its exorbitance. Faced with such a theme, Rahv could not be peevish, as he was sometimes peevish when pointing to follies in our own time. On his chosen theme, which was more fated than chosen, his criticism has the grandeur, warmth and eloquence which make it a form of literature in its own right. It is a shock to hear from the editors of this new volume that "all three volumes of essays Rahv published in his lifetime are now out of print." It will be more than interesting to see what effect the new collection will have on the political understanding of literature and the tone in which the debates are conducted. Much of the current literary criticism, as far as it discusses the politics of literature, seems to me flashy and narcissist; the contempt currently directed against history is a wretched and symptomatic evasion: the skepticism directed against language itself has become automatic, a routine attitude. So Rahv's essays, whatever their limitations, could not have come at a better time.

As for the essays in the third section of the book: these are best taken as fragments of an unwritten autobiography. They are occasional pieces, and many of their occasions retain only a trace of their topical excitement. It is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard to feel exercised about the problems of the proletarian novel. But they show Rahv's polemical style as a masterly instrument, affecting the anatomy of nonsense, whether he is reviewing Whittaker Chambers or analyzing the visit of Stalin's daughter Svetlana to America as a *coup de théâtre*. The applicable sentence is one which Rahv wrote in his review of *Herzog* and sometimes forgot. "After all, thinking too is an experience."

Denis Donoghue

Denis Donoghue is a professor of modern English and American literature at University College, Dublin.

Kings or People: Power and the Mandate to Rule by Reinhard Bendix

(University of California; $20)

In the late 1950s, American social scientists developed an analysis of the newly independent Third World societies called modernization theory. They divided all societies into two types, traditional and modern, with the US representing the culmination of modernity. They described the transition from traditional into modern societies as the most fundamental transformation of world history. And they turned to European and American history to find the path of successful transition which contemporary developing societies could follow.

Modernization scholars drew on the theoretical work of Max Weber to argue that values, not economic and social relations, caused change, and opposed Marx's view that bourgeois revolutions would inevitably be followed by socialist ones. A single modernizing revolution, they argued, rationalizes and bureaucratizes society; the Russian and Chinese revolutions performed the same modernizing function for their societies as the English and French revolutions did for theirs. Hundreds of studies, funded by millions of dollars of grants, made modernization the dominant social scientific theory of the early 1960s. But increasingly it has come under criticism; Sheldon Wolin, for instance, recently described it as "the product of American policy considerations" in the era of counterinsurgency.

Reinhard Bendix is the American sociologist who comes closest to Max Weber in his theoretical orientation and in the range of his historical work; *Kings or People* is the most significant work of comparative history since Barrington Moore's *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy*. But unlike Moore, Bendix seeks to overcome the weaknesses of modernization theory while remaining within a Weberian, anti-Marxist framework. Bendix's book is a study of the major countries which have modernized successfully: England, France, Germany, Russia and Japan, from 500 AD to the present, with additional brief sections on 20th-century Chinese and Islamic civilizations. He is able to do all this in 600 pages by limiting his focus to the transformation of authority relations from traditional kingship to the modern "mandate of the people."

Bendix is at his best refuting the oversimplifications of modernization theory. Modernization, he argues, is not a single process; there are no universal stages or sequences through which all modernizing societies pass. On the contrary, the successful transformation of England and France decisively altered the situation for the countries which followed in their footsteps. Bendix reserves his strongest criticism, however, for Marxist theory. The Marxism he attacks, however, is the straw man of economic determinism: Marx pointed to the revolutionary potential of capitalism, Bendix writes, but was wrong both "in confining this potential to the economic sphere"; and in seeing the division of labor as the only cause of social change, because ideas also cause change. Bendix thus not only misreads Marx, but ignores most 20th-century European Marxist theorists as well as the recent work of Marxist social historians, who have rejected economic determinism in favor of studies of ideological hegemony, consciousness and popular culture.

The real difference between Bendix and the neo-Marxists is his focus on authority rather than class relations as the central element in a theory of change. This approach could pose a substantial challenge to Marxism. Bendix, however, does not study authority as a reciprocal social relation in which subordinate groups accept dominant groups' claims to legitimacy; instead, he regards authority as essentially an idea, the elite's idea about its own authority. What could have been a social history of changing authority relations between dominant and subordinate groups becomes instead a more traditional political and intellectual history of kings, parliaments, and party leaders.

Bendix's analysis of 'the authority of kings" seeks to show that each country had a unique pattern of authority and conflict, with different implications for modernization. In Japan, a feudal aristocracy established a central government which by the 13th century was far stronger than those in the West, yet at the same time permitted loyal aristocrats autonomy on their domains. The central conflict arose out of the separation of legitimacy from administration, the former concentrated in the emperor, the latter in the shogun, a division which led to disputes over the imperial succession and repeated civil wars. By contrast, in Russia authority was concentrated in the tsar's government and every vestige of local Russian aristocratic freedom and autonomy was abolished. This complete military and administrative centralization was a response to Teutonic and Lithuanian invasions. Germany offers a sharp contrast; from the 8th to the 14th centuries, feudal fragmentation was never overcome. First the papacy and later the Reformation encouraged the divisive forces in German society. But in the 18th century, the Hohensollerns established their supremacy over the aristocracy by exploiting the devastation of the Thirty Years War, and the Prussian rulers developed a centralized military bureaucracy which stood in opposition to the locally dominant aristocracy.

England followed a middle course. The aristocracy was organized in Parliament, which permitted a balanced development of local and central authority, and made it possible to resolve national disputes without resort to repeated aristocratic civil wars. Where most historians have emphasized

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that English moderation and balance were aided by the country's isolation from the continent, Bendix argues the opposite, that the ties of English feudal kings to France helped unify the English aristocracy to defend its autonomy.

In explaining the causes of the great transformation of royal into popular authority, Bendix emphasizes two related factors: "intellectual mobilization" and international contact, the reaction of educated elites to the models provided by more developed countries. England's intellectuals—Puritan ministers along with lawyers and some members of Parliament—took the first steps toward justifying popular authority in the 17th century. 18th century France established the paradigm in which intellectuals formed "an oppositional vanguard," criticizing their own society by contrasting it to England and the US, with their democratic rights and balance of powers.

In Germany, Bendix argues, the development of a self-conscious group of intellectuals was of equal importance to the development of state bureaucracy in shaping the society's future. The expansion of university enrollments, book publishing and cultural life provided the basis for an intellectual mobilization which put in office reform-minded civil servants influenced by French revolutionary ideals. The Napoleonic wars made French ideas unfashionable and encouraged military development. The 1848 revolution, led by intellectuals, was defeated, and the Prussian constitution of 1850, which remained in effect until 1918, preserved the absolute royal prerogative, providing "a weak foundation" for genuine popular sovereignty.

Bendix's chapter on modern Russia is his longest. Catherine recognized that Russia could not establish and protect its status as a European power without developing an educated elite of officials and technicians. The egalitarian ideas associated with France suffered a temporary setback after the Napoleonic invasion, and Prussia gained prestige as an alternative model of modern society. The expansion of universities in the mid-19th century, however, led to the development of intellectual opposition to tsarist autocracy. Education encouraged revolutionary protest because "when the student is introduced to the physical and intellectual world around him, his analytic capacity is improved." Thus the revolutionary intellectuals of 19th-century Russia set the pattern for 20th-century revolutionary movements, which "consist largely of an educated minority of elitists with a bad conscience."

The history of modernization for Bendix is thus the history of challenges to the sacred authority of kings, challenges which come first of all from the intellectuals. They are the social group capable of developing a new concept of authority: the mandate of the people. The Puritan ministers of 17th-century England, the 18th-century Parisian intellectuals and the Leninists of 1917 are prime examples of modernizing intellectuals, the key agents of social transformation.

This approach overlooks the challenges to kings and aristocrats which have come from artisans and peasants, who drew upon conceptions of justice and democracy rooted in popular culture and working-class community. The bourgeois revolutionary intellectuals of England in the 1640s and France in the 1790s could not have defeated the Royalists without mobilizing and arming the common people, who opposed king and aristocracy from a radical democratic tradition that was distinct from the politics of the middle-class intellectuals.

This lack of attention to popular conceptions of authority is the book's most serious omission. Bendix's conclusion about the English civil war, for instance, is that "the political agitation in the English parliaments . . . was not egalitarian at all." If he had looked outside Parliament, he would have found an impressive egalitarian movement, especially in the ranks of the New Model Army and in the independent sects rooted in London's artisan community—part of a tradition going back to the 15th-century Lollards. Bendix writes that his exclusive focus on elites is justified because their activities and ideas are "the best documented part of the human record." This overlooks the "part of the human record" uncovered over the last decade by the school of social historians led by Christopher Hill, E.P. Thompson and Eric Hobsbawm, who have unearthed a great deal of evidence about popular beliefs that is relevant to Bendix's questions about authority.

Authority in the name of the people has taken radically different forms in the modern world: communism, fascism, and liberal democracy. While Bendix studies communism through the Stalinist period, he breaks off his analysis of German development in 1871, without mentioning the rise of Hitler, and without considering Dahrendorf's important argument that fascism was Germany's modernizing revolution. Bendix criticizes those like Barrington Moore who view fascism as the culmination of German modernization and then contrast it with liberal democracy in England. He argues that "the liabilities of the German transformation," his euphemism for fascism, should instead be compared with "the costs of 'free trade' imperialism in [England's] colonial empire." Bendix does not make the comparison, but what if he had? Does he believe he would find that the crimes of the British in India match those of the Nazis?

Bendix's failure to examine fascism in relation to modernization leads to further problems concerning the politics of developing societies. Their leaders, he writes, choose between the models of development provided by the United States, the USSR, and China. Notably absent from this list is the "revolution from above" model offered by fascist Germany and Japan. Franco Spain, Brazil and South Korea have developed rapidly without following the Soviet or Chinese routes, but does Bendix mean to suggest that they are following the American path? Authority in those countries is structured along the lines of "revolution from above," rule by elites in the name of the people, not revolution from below.

The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10 — $2 per copy
11-50 — $1.50
over 50 — $1

Address orders to
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036
prepaid orders only
D. C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whether these strategies of modernization provide the basis for genuine development today is a question Bendix does not ask. In particular he does not consider Barrington Moore's argument that the democratic capitalist path is no longer open to developing societies, that authoritarian methods of some kind are necessary for development, that the choice in the Third World today is not between liberal democracy and totalitarianism, but between peasant revolution and neo-fascist counter-revolution. Moore's judgment is that the costs of going without a revolution have usually been greater than the costs of revolution, contrasting Germany and France, and India and China as examples. Bendix's position is that "most revolutions have had equivocal results: they have enhanced some freedoms and diminished others. In addition, major changes have occurred in the absence of political revolution, and they have also enhanced some freedoms and diminished others." This is a trivial conclusion to a magisterial 600-page study. Which freedoms have been enhanced and which diminished and by which revolutions, these are the real questions about "power and the mandate to rule" in the contemporary world, and, unfortunately, Bendix avoids them.

Jonathan M. Wiener

Jonathan M. Wiener teaches history at the University of California, Irvine. He is the author of *Social Origins of the New South* (Louisiana State University Press).

America Revisited: 100 Years After Tocqueville by Eugene J. McCarthy

(Doubleday; $7.95)

To become a classic is a little like becoming a god: it beggars human parallels. Hence anyone attempting a sequel to a classic runs the danger of being compared with the incomparable. Eugene McCarthy had one of those fine publishing ideas when he thought of revisiting America 150 years after Tocqueville, but it didn't come off—first, because he is a native, not a visitor, and must therefore see America with a native's eyes, and second, because he isn't Tocqueville.

Something does come off—some brief surveys of particular areas of American life, then and now. McCarthy makes good use of two books—Tocqueville's notebooks about his trip (*American Journey*, edited by Peter Mayer) and George Pierson's massive, indispensable *Tocqueville and Beaumont in America*. He has organized his book by adopting Tocqueville's main concerns in his travels as the pattern of his chapters—the Indians, blacks, prisons, religion, law, newspapers, politics and voluntary associations, and added a chapter on the presidency, which should have been a concern of Tocqueville's but wasn't.

The result is useful, but it suffers from McCarthy's lack of the very quality that Tocqueville had—a freshness of social perception combined with an intense capacity for making broad theoretical formulations out of every striking bit of concreteness he saw and sensed.

McCarthy is best in his chapter on the Indians, where he can cry out against injustice and catch fire from Tocqueville's own passionate passages (as in the unforgettable section on the three races in America) about what the white man had done to the red men, the bind he had imprisoned them in, and the "irremediable ills" that the future held for the Indians. He is less good on the blacks, and doesn't quite catch the brilliance and prescience in Tocqueville's analysis of racism. The young Frenchman somehow sensed how deep the wounds of oppression could be. Even more, he knew that freedom was never a closure, always a beginning, because—in the dynamics of social change—protest and revolution grow by what they feed on. He saw further and deeper into the political psychology and sociology of race than anyone since him, including Gunnar Myrdal, perhaps because, for him, the highest stakes lay not in the specific positions he arrived at but in the sheer joy of reaching his general propositions.

It was this desperate commitment to a theory of society, of democracy, of revolution, of history, of war, of Providence, of literature and learning, of anything and everything touching on how humans relate to each other in politics, societies and cultures that made Tocqueville the thinker he was. As a Frenchman he inherited the grand manner. Even as a young man—he celebrated his 26th birthday in the American wilderness on July 29, 1831—he was confident of his vocation and stature. He had a sense of excitement about America which made him devour every detail he encountered, but he noted how the detail slid into his frames of interpretation, with that intuition about the relation of figure to ground which is the mark of the true thinker.

On some subjects, especially presidential politics, McCarthy adds considerably to Tocqueville because the Frenchman relied too much on the lawyers and other elite figures whom he met in Boston, Philadelphia and New York. But once Tocqueville had the good sense to leave the cities behind and get to the frontier, spending a good stretch of time amidst its severities and ardors, his perspective changed. Out of this frontier experience, from insights that don't fit easily into the too patterned structure of McCarthy's chapters, Tocqueville reached the further limits of his thinking on democracy, equality, history, religion and the strange workings of the popular consciousness, which together formed the grand theme of his book.

His genius lay in his inductive leaps—on race, on the lawyer and manufacturer aristocracy, on participatory decision-making in juries and town meetings, on civil religion, on the revolution of rising expectations, on the role of the military (he was brilliant here, but largely wrong), on the paradoxes of social change, on the oppressive weight of majorities on culture and the individual.

At first guess Eugene McCarthy should have found himself at home with all this. The former congressman and senator from Minnesota, who criss-crossed the states in his effort to force America out of the Vietnam war, who tried for the presidency and almost formed a third party, ought to be the man to update Tocqueville's travels and insights.

And indeed McCarthy's own personal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quality does come through, in his characteristic mix of dry humor, astringent revaluations of conventional wisdom, ambivalence about his country and culture, and a knack for looking into crannies that more orthodox minds overlook. But the matching of minds somehow comes out awry. Where Tocqueville reached for beliefs, McCarthy is skeptical of everything and everyone, including himself. Where Tocqueville reveled in grandeurs, seeing the new society in its largest dimensions, McCarthy's tone is persistently one of deflation, with a curious resulting flatness. Where Tocqueville was constantly framing patterns, and the pattern beyond patterns, McCarthy's strength lies in his quizzical concreteness: in his final chapters on politics, where another might have tried for some large luminous insights about America's essence and destiny, he contents himself with passages of tart reflection on the impact of the new presidential election procedures upon the freedom of the campaigner.

Given McCarthy's talent for the astringent I wish that he had been harder on Tocqueville where he deserves it. This is particularly true of the five core chapters on America's pluralism—the chapters on religion, economics, law, the media, and the voluntary associations. Tocqueville's method was dialectical throughout; he opposed the individual to the mass, saw the flowering of individuals in the new frame of equality, saw the potential dangers to the individual from the uniformities of the mass.

Given this focus Tocqueville's grand failure came in the second half of his work, where he prophesied a deadness in American literature, historical writing and the arts from the sheer weight of the conformist mass on the creative individual. A whole host of minnows have followed in the wake of this whale of a misconception. The presence of the mass, with its pressures toward conformity, has served as an essential adversary for creative writers, artists, historians and thinkers to pit themselves against. The pluralisms of action, thought and living have relieved the pressures of the mass and furnished a context for the individual's talents and insights.

Tocqueville was a hot item among intellectuals in the 1950s when the dangers of conformity and massism were the rage. He was less hot in the 1960s and 1970s, in part because the conformity vogue was washed away by the flood of everyone doing his thing, in part because Tocqueville conveyed a sense of the greatness of the very conception of America which made the new class uncomfortable. They are still uncomfortable with him. McCarthy's patient and detailed review of what America was like in the major departments of life in Tocqueville's time, and what it is like now, should help awaken a new interest in Tocqueville's book itself.

I may be permitted a final discontent. Tocqueville was broader in his interests and absorptions than McCarthy's summaries suggest. The Frenchman's focus on the principle of equality went beyond the narrowly political and reached to the whole of the civilization. Some of his best writing is on the American family, on children and education, on love and the sexes, on the womanly ideal as the males saw it and on the actual independence of the young American woman. In this area he was more prescient than in politics and the presidency. Only a critic with Tocqueville's own breadth of interest and conception and his own bent for the relation of ideas to power and life expressiveness is likely to get to the heart of his work and assess what time and the circumstances of America's history have done to it.

Max Lerner

Max Lerner, the syndicated columnist, is the author of *America as a Civilization* (Simon & Schuster).

Worlds Apart: Relationships Between Families and Schools by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot

(Basic Books; $12.95)

Worlds Apart: Relationships Between Families and Schools, is about the three groups of people most ignored in discussions of education: teachers, children, and parents. It deals with a fashionable subject—families—as well as with a currently unfashionable one, education itself. And as a rich and complicated book, it can be read on many different levels. Some of the time Sara Lawrence Lightfoot speaks as a sociologist, intent on letting us hear the voices of parents and teachers; she keeps struggling to adopt categories and ideas drawn from sociology and anthropology without letting the abstractions take over, as they so often do in academic work. Some of the time she speaks as a representative of an intellectual tradition concerned with thinking about children in developmental terms; and often she makes use of that tradition to measure schools and families against an exceedingly complex (but not, I think, unrealistic) vision of what children need to grow and flourish. Some of the time she talks as a black American at the end of the 1970s, insisting with both passion and scholarship on all the ways that the culture's long, historic reckoning for the failures of education for black people remain to be paid, in an era of indifference and retreat from such concerns.

Most consistently, however, there is in these essays the distinctive voice of a person speaking: a woman who likes and understands children, who is sympathetic and wise about the complexities of teaching, who is endlessly curious about the ways of fathers and mothers and children, and who is by turns sad and amused, bitter and detached, as she hunches in tiny classroom chairs, confronting the extraordinary human dramas that get reenacted daily in the schools. Lightfoot has a vivid sense of the unique ecology of life in each classroom, but she also sees the "walls of the classroom as windows onto the world," reflecting, for better and for worse, politics, theories of human nature, and, in a deep and poignant way, how we live in America today.

In general, there are two challenges that these essays face and overcome. The first is precisely related to this question of voice: it's very hard to speak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from an academic perspective and draw on its literature without becoming a prisoner of overspecialization, the fetish of objectivity, and a certain degree of condescension toward the people being studied. Scholarly writing tends to be bad for both interesting and boring reasons, but a significant element in its badness reflects the awkward relationship between the scholars and what are called their "subjects." Lightfoot manages to be both objective and a person, to speak of teachers and parents as people. This is a rare feat, and she knows it. Portions of this book build up to a devastating polemic against much standard scholarship on schools, families, blacks, mothers, and teachers. (See "The Other Woman: Mothers and Teachers," for instance.) The polemic against the moralizing class, racial, and sexual biases of standard social science is perhaps all the more devastating for being so civil in tone. There is, however, a price to be paid for steeping oneself in the sins of past scholarship, and this is simply that Lightfoot's writing becomes academic in spots both in style (too passive) and in content (too many quotes from sociologists). The contrast with the vividness of her classroom sketches is fascinating.

The second challenge is holding together worlds that are indeed usually apart: to do justice to the "micro" realms of face-to-face encounters in the schools but also to show the ways that these encounters are framed by constraints arising from the "macro" realms of history, institutions, culture, class, poverty, and race. The book keeps moving back and forth between contrary realms, trying to convey institutional, historical, and structural forces, but also the world of selves, shifting between individual actors and institutional settings. In some places there are imbalances; in others there are good discussions.

The "macro" prize ought to go to a long piece called "Black Dreams and Closed Doors," which is a brilliant historical survey of relations between black families and schools; it's the best historical sketch of this increasingly complex subject that I've read, and it's argued with the kind of fullness that marks mature intellectual work in any field. It concludes: "The irony of the academic and sociopolitical assaults on black families lies in the fact that historically black families have been the central sustaining force of black culture . . . and that the collaboration of black families and schools is the only hope for the successful schooling of black children." Amen. As a witness of the tragic school wars of the 1960s, I'm convinced that the complex issue of "participation" in the schools is going to be with us for a long time.

I award the "micro" prize to a piece called "The Voices of Two Teachers." Essentially it's about the way two teachers respond to parents—and, by implication, to life itself. It's a very complex essay—that's the point. Things aren't so simple at all. The teachers deal with families quite differently. One teacher overlooks individual psychology and talks of her children in stereotypes deriving from their parents: "In her view, schools are transitional, preparatory settings that are designed to shape children for their place in society—a process of socialization and accommodation that must proceed smoothly and uneventfully toward an inevitable conclusion. In an extreme sense, schools must smother the unharnessed spontaneous nature of the child. . . ." The other teacher views education "as a process of *discovering* one's individuality and special purpose. Children come to school not as wild creatures to be tamed, but as young and inexperienced beings whose education experiences should enliven and enrich their variability. . . ."

Yet the first teacher is sought after by many different kinds of parents; all her children read. In many respects the second teacher has a harder row to hoe. There is no simple moral to be drawn from the comparison, and that, I think, is Lightfoot's point: a wise and needed point, in a field where absurd stereotypes often reign.

Two generic themes about schools emerge from these complex essays. Two bear emphasizing. The first is that conflict between teachers and parents is endemic in all kinds of schools; it can be bad or healthy, and it takes similar forms in a private progressive school, a ghetto school, and a school in a small town, despite all the crucial contextual differences. Second, we have to begin hearing the stories of institutions like schools from the points of view of the various people who actually make them what they are, day by day. There is very little on the current education scene that reflects the views of working teachers or parents, to say nothing of children. This is a scandal, and here is a careful scholarly researcher willing to say so. (The vignettes of children in this book are stunning—I wish I could quote them at length, especially the case of "Luther," a daredevil and class hero whose life is shadowed by the death of an older brother.)

This is a bad time in American education. Proposition 13 fever rages; the country is tired of minorities; simple answers to complex human educational problems abound. The grand macro research on schools of the last decade has landed us nowhere, except in a slough of unwarranted despair. How doubly welcome, then, to read a thoughtful book that gives both parents and teachers the kind of consideration they have come not to expect. And how interesting our discussions of education might become if Lightfoot and others can keep reminding us that teachers, children and parents are the ones that count in education, despite all our mandarin traditions of scholarship and the general staff mentality of school reformers.

Joseph Featherstone

Joseph Featherstone teaches at the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

The Healthy Body in Victorian Culture by Bruce Haley

(Harvard; $15)

On a beautiful day in October, more than 11,000 citizens ran 26 miles and 285 yards through the streets of New York City. In athletic clubs throughout the country, men singlemindedly and repeatedly lift heavy objects, talking of "bulk" and "definition." Sweat suits are *de rigueur* at brunch. Who can deny that things have gotten out of hand?

It is reassuring to find out that it happened before. In his excellent new book, Bruce Haley describes how, start-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing midway through the last century, a similar athletic explosion, a "national mania," shook Britain: in the years between 1850 and 1880, football, rugby, hockey, baseball, golf, croquet, tennis, badminton, lacrosse, bowls, bicycling, boxing, wrestling, rowing, mountain-climbing, and track all either were invented or attained mass popularity. Making the correspondence to our own age even closer, athletic periodicals proliferated, in which entrepreneurs plied their wares. In the first issue of *Football Annual*, for example, Kent and Lewis, Athletic Clothing Manufacturers, advertised "football jerseys, knicker hose to match, the same in caps, running drawers, etc. Hand-knitted perspirers, elastic belts and garters, straw hats, bands, sashes, and canvas shoes suitable for all sports." Clearly, the groundwork for *Runner's World* had been laid.

But Haley's interest does not lie in pursuing parallels with the 1970s, nor even primarily in the sporting habits of Victorian Englishmen. His subject is intellectual history—tracing the attitudes and ideas that surrounded the sporting frenzy. The common denominator of these was a concern with health, which, Haley demonstrates, became the nexus for one of the most important and heated debates of the century. It is a fascinating tale, and it begins in a general lack of health: during the 1830s and 1840s, England was struck successively by outbreaks of cholera, influenza, typhus, smallpox and scarlet fever. Not too surprisingly, intellectuals, those most sensitive of creatures, all seemed either to be suffering from some terrible affliction or deathly worried about catching one. When Thomas Carlyle was 27 (and had 58 more years to live) he wrote, "I must get rid of this horrible condition of the body . . . it absolutely torments me till my soul is dark as the pit of Tophet." Similar comments abound in Haley's book.

For this and other reasons—among them an outbreak of British jingoism and the rise of Darwinian theory—the idea of health became of central concern to almost every Victorian intellectual who mattered. But not the same central concern: conceptions of what "health" meant were as numerous as the conceivers. Carlyle envisioned a healthy hero, in tune with the "vital force" of his time; Spencer, who believed "the first requisite for success in life is to be a good animal," stressed physical power; his disciple Charles Kingsley, the original "muscular Christian," favored a hearty outdoorsiness; and Cardinal Newman advocated an Aristotelean version—health as virtue. What they and others shared was a belief that sound mind was intimately linked with sound body—*mens sana in corpore sano*, (the most important words in the book). Haley details the respective positions, and the opposition that gradually developed, skillfully and at length.

Superbly researched, *The Healthy Body in Victorian Culture* is far-ranging work of intellectual history. Haley devotes an illuminating chapter, for example, to showing that Victorian literary critics from Leslie Stephen to John Ruskin to Matthew Arnold used "sickness" and "health" as dominant metaphors for evaluating novels, poems, authors and whole cultures. In his discussion of imaginative works themselves Haley, however, does not entirely avoid some of the problems of his field; literature cannot be treated simply as a product of an intellectual climate. The question of genius is involved. Happily, many of the novels Haley brings up wear their hearts on their jacket-sleeves; though admirable, *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is not a work of genius. And the higher-brow novels of George Meredith clearly benefit from Haley's reading. But he runs aground with George Eliot; the artist is too much for the historian.

An ambitious intellectual historian, Haley also presents knowledgeable treatments of contemporary philosophy, medicine, journalism and habits of living as they relate to Vic-

Subscribe Now!

Marxist Perspectives

Forthcoming Articles:

Roy Medvedev	*Soviet Dissidents: Their Prospects*
Michael B. Katz	*The Institutional State*
Anthony Hecht	*Poetry: An Overview*
Kate Ellis	*Poetry: Neglect*
Carol Duncan & Alan Wallach	*On MOMA*
Susan M. Strasser	*Mistress & Maid*
Jay R. Mandle	*Postbellum Southern Economy*
John Womack, Jr.	*Mexican Economy During The Revolution*
Étienne Balibar	*Marx, Engels, & The Party*
Thomas Molnar	*Marxism & Utopia*
Joseph Rubenstein	*Sahlins Vs. Sociobiology*

If you subscribed to *Marxist Perspectives* for a single year, beginning with *MP/1*, this issue will be your last unless you renew now. Inflation is certain to force a rate increase upon us soon. If your subscription has not yet expired, we suggest you take advantage of our present rates by extending your subscription now.

Two- and three-year subs achieve a still greater savings.

Send prepaid orders to: Dept P.
The Cliomar Corporation/MP
420 West End Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10024

Published Quarterly. Subscription Rates (In US $)
Individual $15/yr; $28/2 yrs; $38/3 yrs.
Institution $25/yr; $48/2 yrs; $68/3 yrs.
Add $2/year outside USA

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

COUNTRY _____

I have enclosed $ _____ for a _____ year subscription.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torian obsessions with health. But the connections among the many fields covered are not always clear. We agree, for example, that it makes sense for a fitness mania to infect an entire nation at a time when the best minds were obsessed with health but we are never told exactly what kind of relation existed between high culture and low. The book would also have benefited from an awareness of the legacy of health enthusiasm: I think here of the hearty, insensitive Englishness that, as Martin Green showed in *Children of the Sun*, provided a target of rebellion for the generation of intellectuals born around the turn of the century.

I expect that future historians trying to shed light on today's run-for-gloryists and iron-pumpers will have considerably more difficulty than Haley. For at least the physical culturists of the past huffed and puffed in an atmosphere of ideas and debate. Written material is not lacking today—indeed, running now rivals cookery and self-help as a certain seller—but a perusal of the burgeoning fitness shelf at my bookstore revealed a distinct shortage of thought. Those who write about running, to pick on it once again, seem less theorists than ideologues, contributing the introductions to each other's books and sharing the same slogans and half-baked truisms.

The participants in the athletic mania of the 19th century were trying to build a better England, strengthen social ties, promote sportsmanship and the general health. Today the goal is narcissism, whether of the pounds-off or visionary variety. Our cult sports are done alone, theirs together. In my bookstore wanderings I came across a volume called *Beyond Running*, which claimed to explain how running could "help us in our careers by providing a model for success . . . be the antidote to anxiety and depression . . . combat the aging process by reversing the way we have been conditioned to grow old . . . rid us of destructive habits such as smoking, alcohol and overeating . . . help us to better understand our dreams and deepest drives . . . move us into altered states of consciousness and mystical highs . . . foster spiritual healing . . . help us think creatively . . . make us more assertive and self-confident . . . heighten sexual power and endurance . . . bring about sweeping life-style changes . . . and much more." What it comes down to, I suppose, is the extreme difficulty of imagining a book called *Beyond Rugby*.

Ben Yagoda

Ben Yagoda, a freelance writer in New York, is film critic for *The American Spectator*.

Music of Three Seasons: 1974-1977 by Andrew Porter

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $20)

Most American readers probably first encountered the music criticism of the Englishman Andrew Porter when I did, in the fall of 1972 when Porter began to write regularly for *The New Yorker*. After years of Winthrop Sargeant's quirkiness and perversity, Porter's writing was a delight: elegant, sharp, enthusiastic, enormously learned yet never (or hardly ever) pedantic. *Music of Three Seasons* is a collection, apparently complete and with many helpful additional notes, of his *New Yorker* pieces from 1974, when he reappeared at *The New Yorker* after a year of research on Verdi at Oxford, until the summer of 1977.

Aside from its very high quality, the most striking thing about Porter's criticism is its extraordinary imbalance in favor of vocal music in general and opera in particular. This bothered me from the start and has continued to bother me as I have read him faithfully, week by week. Evidently it has bothered other readers too, and in one piece Porter attempts to answer them. "Most music is vocal music," he writes, adding: "most writing about music reflects the fact." This seems lame and unconvincing. If we are considering music from the beginning of time until now, it is probably true that most of it is vocal. But it is also true that the non-vocal symphonic and chamber music written since the early 18th century comprises at least half the central repertoire. If we are considering writing about music, from the beginning of time until now, it may possibly be true that most of it is concerned with vocal music. But it certainly does not follow that a modern music critic, dealing with the modern repertoire, is justified in spending such a high percentage of his time and space—at least 80 percent in Porter's case—on vocal music.

Porter's own favorite music critic is clearly Shaw, yet he makes no effort to do for New York what Shaw did so gloriously for London from 1888 to 1894: to give a full picture of the whole musical life of a great city. Reading (or rereading) Shaw, one feels that at any given moment he knew everything of musical interest happening in London—not just who the great (and not-so-great) performers were, but who the best singing-teachers were and how many decent oboists were available. Porter, on the other hand, is always jetting off to Kansas or Wyoming to hear some obscure opera. When he does discuss non-vocal music, however, or when he reviews orchestral or chamber concerts, or instrumental recitals, he is almost always excellent. His comments on such performers as von Karajan, Boulez, Haitink, Giulini, and Horowitz are insightful enough to make one wish for a great deal more.

One important consequence of Porter's preoccupation with opera is that he fails to fulfill the role that one might expect an honest and influential critic to fulfill in the smarmy world of New York musical politics, the role of championing important new performers, many of whom will necessarily be instrumentalists or conductors rather than singers. I am not sure this is a fault, but a musical friend of mine, who also finds himself a faithful reader of Porter, thinks it a very serious one, an abdication of critical responsibility. Where, he asks angrily, has Porter been all these years while *The New York Times*'s dreadful (and dreadfully powerful) Harold Schonberg has been ignorantly condescending to (and thereby perhaps endangering the American careers of) marvelous performers like the pianist Maurizio Pollini? Sure enough, in Porter's 629-page book there is only one reference to Pollini—in a passage quoted from another writer. There is a perceptive review of the Tokyo String Quartet, but the Guarneri and the Cleveland are mentioned only in passing; there is no mention of Klaus Tennstedt, perhaps the finest conductor working in America today, and James Levine earns his way into Porter's pages almost solely through his conducting of opera. I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Intelligent Budget Cutter's Guide to Washington

For us, the enemy is not communism or capitalism. It is the bureaucracy--the problem neither side has solved.

You see it when you stand in line to get a driver's license. You feel it when you start to pay your taxes and realize you have to pay even more to hire someone to prepare your return. Only a bureaucracy would make it hard for you to give it money.

Anthony Lewis of **The New York Times** says, "The only journal I know that pays regular attention to the bureaucracy and chronicles its excesses is**The Washington Monthly.**"

Thats why we call **The Washington Monthly** "The Intelligent Budget Cutters Guide to Washington." Everyone knows the government spends too much, but only **The Washington Monthly** knows the bureaucracy well enough to tell you the fat that should be trimmed and the muscle that must be spared, when to slice delicately and when to wield the ax with abandon.

Don't miss another issue of **The Washington Monthly,** The Intelligent Budget Cutters Guide to Washington. Subscribe today and we'll send you the first issue free. If you don't like it, you can cancel your subscription and receive a complete refund.

We think you'll like it.

The Washington Monthly

1028 Connecticut Ave. N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

☐ **Payment Enclosed**

☐ **Bill Me** _____
Signature

I want **The Washington Monthly**, the Intelligent Budget Cutters Guide to Washington. Send me my **free copy** and enter my one-year subscription for only $9.00—**half the regular price**. If I don't like it, I'll simply write "cancel" on my invoice. The free copy is mine to keep.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NR84

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myself long ago gave up reading the *Times*'s music critics because it seemed unlikely that they would ever have an opinion worth my time and attention. But my friend's point is well taken and deserves consideration.

If Porter does not have the political mission my friend would like him to have, he does have another, which he pursues with ardor, intelligence and learning. That is, simply, to educate the readers of *The New Yorker* about opera and to make them love it as much as he does. In a world where so much of our opera comes to us strained through the minds (if that's the word) of directors like Frank Corsaro, Porter is firm and eloquent in his conviction that operas should be afforded productions that conform, as closely as possible, to the original intent of their composers. For Porter the productions put on by Corsaro and his colleagues are not really productions at all but "fashionable, extravagant, perverse 'glosses' that diminish the scope and stature of a work." Porter is not misrepresenting the present state of affairs when, after mildly objecting to some details in a recent *Meistersinger*, he breathes a sigh of relief: "at least the action is not transferred to the moon or to Manchuria; the Masters do not wear dinner jackets or diving suits."

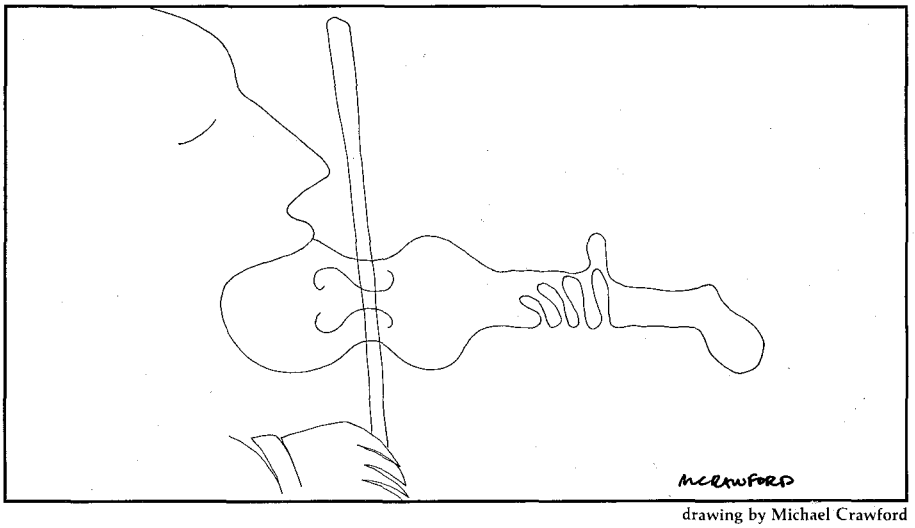
To people like me, who teach literature, the work of many recent opera directors eerily suggests the papers of that indefatigible dim sophomore who always manages to dredge up a Christ figure or a phallic symbol and then interprets a whole complex book in light of it. This same dim sophomore is also discernible in the leaden comment of director John Dexter that "People often dismiss *Prophète* as a *pièce de théâtre*, but I think the work exists on a much more profound level. . . . [Meyerbeer] tried to capture . . . the explosive atmosphere of Northern Europe in the 1530s." To which Porter sensibly replies: "That 'profound level' Mr. Dexter speaks of does not exist. *La Prophète* is a very skillfully made *pièce de théâtre*—and to be valued, not dismissed, as such." Here and elsewhere Porter's frank and refreshing love of theater and spectacle leads him to deplore the drab, somber settings favored by modern opera directors—as conducing, presumably, to the explication of profound levels and hidden meanings—and at one point he wistfully remarks that a work like Verdi's *Attila* demands "a more bravely picturesque and colorful kind of production than is fashionable today."

Porter's wholly admirable and much needed campaign for authentic operatic production is part of a general plea for authenticity in all musical performance: he also convincingly advocates the appropriate use of Baroque pitch, eighteenth-century instruments (or good copies), and even the standard nineteenth-century orchestral seating arrangement—still used in the mid-twentieth century by older conductors like Toscanini—which placed the second violins at the front of the stage to the conductor's right rather than bunching them behind the firsts to his left. All of which makes it hard at first to understand Porter's other main conviction about opera and other vocal music: that it should always be sung in the language of the country where it is being performed.

Of a performance of *Die Schöne Müllerin*, sung in German by a Cornishman to a New York audience, he remarks that "it is hard to be dramatic in a foreign language," and adds parenthetically: "At the Vivian Beaumont, Joseph Papp is not presenting *The Cherry Orchard* in Russian." But the analogy is a poor one. The sounds of Müller's words and of the German language were in Schubert's ears and mind, just as the words and languages of their respective librettists were in the ears and minds of the greatest opera composers as they were composing. Of course the music comes first—and more clearly so in opera than with lieder or other more imitated vocal music. But in the greatest operas the librettist's words do not just give us the facts of the developing drama; they also form an important part of the total aural image conceived by the composer. Chekhov, on the other hand, has left us no music, only words—and the actions and stage-movements that go with them. Undoubtedly it would be better to see (and hear) him done in Russian, but the music of his words, while reportedly not negligible, is of very minor importance; if we miss their sense, though, we miss almost everything. It is hard to believe he ever loses a tenth as much in good translations as *Figaro* and *Falstaff* always lose, in any translation.

One would expect a music critic preoccupied with authenticity to demand the verbal sounds originally in the composer's mind just as he demands the sound of original instruments. Moreover, Porter repeatedly shows himself acutely sensitive to the difficulties (and the delights) of setting words to music, and he can be moved, in a Bolshoi opera production, by "the charm of words distinctly, purely and expressively uttered" even though he knows no Russian. Surely such a listener must have his teeth set on edge, even more than the rest of us do, by hearing a familiar opera translated out of its original language. Porter's overriding concern, of course, is that vocal music, and especially opera, be immediately and pleasurably intelligible to the American listeners who make up his *New Yorker* readership. But leaving aside the difficulty of catching the words in even the most carefully prepared operatic performances, is it really so hard to get up a libretto or other text before going to the opera or hearing a vocal recital? The translation of a song-cycle, which is usually printed in the program book, can be mastered in 20 minutes. Opera libretti take a little longer, but most of them are simple and repetitious, and an hour will usually suffice.

To a certain extent Porter's concern that opera be intelligible complements his concern with authenticity, as one can see from his remark that Tito Gobbi, who recently directed an Italian *Falstaff* at Juilliard, was led to do "some unforgivable things" because "most of the



drawing by Michael Crawford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

audience would miss the wit of the text and the way Verdi set it." But the audience wouldn't have missed those things if they had put in an hour with the libretto beforehand, and in any case directors in this country are just as liable crudely to italicize comic (or tragic) effects in English-language productions. I recall a Met *Magic Flute* of 20-some years ago in which the rare and welcome opportunity to address an audience in English tempted the singers, presumably with the director's approval, to excesses that would have been unforgivable in a high-school play. And only three years ago Sarah Caldwell, doing *Falstaff* in Porter's own excellent English translation, indulged in the same cuteness that so often mars her productions of opera in the original—cuteness that produced, for example, a final scene in which all the enchantment of Windsor Park at midnight was dissipated by a group of beaming, gesticulating suburban school-children, downstage and clearly lit. Finally, is it really so hard to be dramatic in a foreign language? We can all think of countless singers who have done it superbly. Even in lieder-singing, where the words are so much more important and audible than in opera, careful and expert coaching should solve the problem.

My only other general complaint about Porter is that he often praises composers who don't deserve his praise. As with all first-rate critics, such slight betrayals of his own highest standards show up immediately in his prose, which becomes fancy and mannered. Most of these composers, not surprisingly, are composers of opera: Puccini, Massenet, Giordano—Porter must know they are not worth the space he lavishes on them. "Criticism is disarmed," he tells us, by *Manon Lescaut*. "We can enjoy it as the most copious and least narrowly calculated of Puccini's works." And in *Thais* he finds that "Massenet's music is so damnably attractive that at almost any encounter with it one simply stops thinking, and is content to enjoy it." Similarly with modern composers. Though he is as convincing and illuminating on Carter and Britten as he is on Mozart and Verdi, when Porter comes to the ubiquitous George Crumb, his writing dissolves into mellifluous gush: "The music of George Crumb is so instantly attractive that stern, sober minds may resist it almost on principle—as if contemporary music had no business to sound so pretty, and can't be any good if it does! Finding it irresistible, I surrender to its seductions happily, without qualm, and delight in all the trick effects, the strange, small, delicate noises . . . , the 'pale tunes irresolute, and traceries of old sounds,' the sweet harmonic stases pierced by sudden clarion or cry." Surely one does not have to be particularly stern (or even sober) to recognize in Crumb's music the worst old-fashioned sentimentalism tricked out in the latest chic packaging: pieces notated in circles or in the shape of hearts, pieces where the pianist whispers and shouts as well as plays, pieces requiring the players to sit in the lotus position.

"The critic who is grateful is lost"—memorable words that Porter quotes from Shaw. Aside from Porter's obsession about vocal music being done in the local language, I would say that when he goes wrong it is because he has allowed (or forced) himself to be too grateful to composers who have helped to provide the lively, opera-oriented musical life that he so eagerly wants for himself and for the rest of us. But he is so unfailingly generous-spirited and informative that I find myself unable to be very hard on him. After all, I do read him every week. Finally I feel that Andrew Porter should be allowed to ride his hobbyhorses: he is a very rare critic, surely the best music critic now writing in this country, and we should read him, learn from him, and be grateful ourselves.

William Youngren

William Youngren teaches English at Boston College and writes frequently on music for *The Hudson Review*.

Brief Reviews

Current Nonfiction

Can You Find Me by Christopher Fry

(Oxford University Press, $13.95)

A family history is a curious sort of memoir. Almost everyone, at one time or another, wants to know the detailed life stories of his or her parents, grandparents and relatives, but few of us are ambitious enough to research, integrate, and write those stories, and fewer still bring to the task sufficient talent and objectivity. When we do get such an author and such a memoir an important question still exists: what have we been given? If the author or his family is famous, we might have a behind-the-scenes tour or an autobiography rich in gossip. If the author seems vindictive, we might be reading a kind of therapeutic document. If the author isn't loyal to his material what we read might even be, fundamentally, a novel. If a family history is neither scandalous, therapeutic nor romanticized, can it be of interest to anyone other than its author? Christopher Fry makes no use of his career as a playwright, and no one in his family is well-known enough to attract individual attention. His tone is complacent; his evaluations of character are even-handed, usually generous. He relinquishes his narrative constantly to letters, diary entries, photographs, quotes. But in *Can You Find Me* he has created an interesting, at times compelling, book.

The project began as a suggestion to write a childhood memoir; Fry was more interested in "what led up to those years, the story of my parents and my grandparents, aunts and uncles, the network of events and characters out of which I had emerged." Materials on his mother's side were abundant; on his father's, practically non-existent; but he manages to fashion out of scraps a consistently-textured history, using his narrative authority mostly to interject a bit of etymology, historical background or psychological insight. He tells us "Fry" comes from "le Frye, the free men." In a letter his maternal grandmother, Emma Lowe, wrote in October 1882, we come across an astronomical event: "Now the sun is brilliant but it is very cold. Have you seen the Comet? which is visible from 4 till sunrise the tail of it is 45 millions of miles. . . . " Fry explains his

Coming:
John Canaday
on Art Books.

John Leonard on
the Year's Fiction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother's frequent criticisms of his late father as an outcropping of a marriage in which thoughts and feelings went unvoiced.

Despite his effort to portray his own childhood as merely a continuing part of the family's history, Fry brings to that portrayal stronger memories, better information, and greater sentiment. The history becomes more personal; the details more interesting: a chamberpot is a "Mima," and he transcribes for us elementary ditties and rhymes. His truisms are charged with more humor: he wonders if a phase he entered of doodling women's breasts on his school books was "a regression to infancy or an approach to manhood, if indeed there is any great difference between them." For the first time in the book, relationships between people are given extended treatment:

> *My mother's devotion to duty had the weakness of never teaching us to help her in any way. We took her labours for granted. I saw her self-control break for a moment on only two occasions: once when I must have been more than usually exasperating. . . . She suddenly chased me round the kitchen table. . . . And several years later when my brother, with acute appendicitis, was being taken to hospital in an ambulance . . . I tried to comfort her, and she bit my head off to stop herself from crying. She was over eighty before I saw her let her deep feelings break surface again.*

Can You Find Me, as any good family history, offers several pleasures. Fry's prose is unadorned but poetic, and occasionally beautiful: "It was so tranquil a time, in memory at least, that no events come down to me, only a shimmer of nostalgia and a few photographs which, like Dante's flame reflected in a mirror, make me want to turn back and share the reality." The letters and diary entries retrieve the past in a personal way; some of the letters are wonderful examples of that non-punctuated, effusive female epistolary style which Joyce parodied in *Ulysses*'s "Nausicaa" episode. The photographs add an important dimension to verbal descriptions. The stories of births and deaths—Fry's odd delivery, his uncle Bertie's horrifying suicide—win our empathy. A family history is to be felt more than learned from; watching an author search the past for intimations of the present, resurrect the lives of his parents and grandparents in hopes of discovering more of himself, is an intimate act of sharing. Family trees, photographs and actual letters help, but the author of a family history's most important resources are his skillfulness with language and a strong sense of perspective. Christopher Fry has both.

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is a freelance writer.

An American Anarchist: The Life of Voltairine de Cleyre by Paul Avrich

(Princeton University Press, $16.50)

An American Anarchist is the first book of a projected series by Professor Avrich that promises to be altogether remarkable, indeed sensational, if your taste for sensation runs to bomb frights of 90 years ago. The completed series will constitute a detailed history of Anarchism in America, with each volume taking the form of a biography or collection of portraits. Biography suits this project well, for spectacular individuals are a characteristic product, and very nearly the goal, of the Anarchist movement. Certainly Voltairine de Cleyre was spectacular, and wholly in the Anarchist mode. She was a contemporary and rival of Emma Goldman's—Goldman described her in a self-effacing moment as "the poet-rebel, the liberty-loving artist, the greatest woman Anarchist in America"—whose life seemed to tremble in a flood of left wing *sturm und drang*. In the name of the grand libertarian ideal, de Cleyre endured police persecutions, extreme poverty, suicide urges, a gunman's assault (which became a celebrated case when she refused to identify her would-be assassin), doomed love affairs and incurable illnesses. Her lectures and essays fulminated against class society, the tyranny of males, and the principle of imprisonment. She condemned the dehumanizing structure of work and castigated materialism and opulence, and she did all this with a tenacity that seemed less trooper-like than saintly, if saintliness can allow for some well directed hatred. She also composed poems and stories in the overwrought mauve style of the 1890s, most effectively on the theme of revenge. The impression she gives is of someone who was always on the verge of fainting.

De Cleyre's comrades and "companions"—the word meant lovers: "They Who Marry Do Ill" was the title of one of her essays—tended to be even more unfortunate and melancholic than she. Avrich supplies a portrait of one companion, a Proudhonist intellectual and former secretary to Sam Gompers named Dyer D. Lum, who could have stepped into history from the pages of Joseph Conrad. It was Dyer Lum, Avrich has concluded, who smuggled bombs into the Cook County Jail shortly before the Haymarket Martyrs were hung in 1887. This has been a mystery until now and the wrong person, a Martyr's girlfriend, was suspected. Lum suffered from the manic depression that seems to have afflicted many of the Anarchists of the period and killed himself in a Bowery flophouse a few years later, apparently distraught at his inability to proceed with further terrorist schemes.

Professor Avrich has previously been known for his studies in Russian history, and the training this background gave him provides the other distinguishing feature of his book, after its striking material. His sources, mostly from the Anarchist press, are in seven languages. The foreign-language research was necessary because although de Cleyre was Michigan-born, and gentile, her influence was exercised chiefly among the immigrant proletariat and especially among the Jewish cigar-makers of Philadelphia, to whom she taught English and music in exchange for a paltry living (they used her lessons to get out of Anarchism and into medical school). Avrich tells us that in the course of his laborious investigation of Anarchism he has discovered nearly 500 American Anarchist periodicals in a dozen languages. The Anarchist press was larger than anyone has imagined. Of course most of these journals were small and obscure; almost everything about Anarchism in America, including Voltairine de Cleyre herself, is more or less obscure. But if we are ever to have a proper account of the radical past and of the development of the American working class, such as comes so naturally to historians of other countries, we will have to get it in good part from research into topics like this. Obscurity, it should be remembered, is a trick that history plays on the people at the bottom.

Paul Berman

Paul Berman is the editor of *Quotations from the Anarchists* (Praeger).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Ads

Personals

Inveterate Reformer
Science & Politics
Correspondant
P.O. Box 1141
Topeka, KS

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, sixtyish, interests, politics, outdoors, music, theatre. Are you ready to move from being alone to being part of a couple? If you are willing to move from letters and phone calls, to a personal visit, I'd love to hear from you. Baltimore/D.C. area. The New Republic Box 9015.

Endterm wife recently Europe, presently Californian, seeks worthwhile situation where artistic & cooking skills, discernment, travel, people, lifestyle. Leaving fifties, petite, vital. TNR Box 9060

PLAMATES, Couples-Singles. Discreet introductions. Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402, 717-848-1408.

DO YOU HAVE A GREAT RECIPE? Tell others about it through the classifieds!

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorce acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

CULTURED SINGLES CLUB - Discriminating singles anxious to meet you. Box 342136, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

SHY, BRILLIANT, HANDSOME, YOUNG (31) professional man seeks attractive young woman (Wash-Balt area) to share conversation, wine, laughter, and sports. New Republic Box 9045

Absolute Privacy Guaranteed Door quarantine $2 SIGNS, Box 357, Fiskdale, Mass. 01518

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, AWARE Manhattan Female with diversified interests, looking to meet attractive, intelligent well-preserved male 45-55. 371-5617.

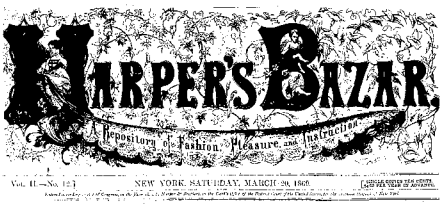
IMPRESS FRIENDS; OFFEND ENEMIES
Master of Absurdities, Doctor of Inconsistencies and Master of Bureaucratic Ambiguity diplomas from Scientific/Humanistic Institute of Technology. Suitable for framing. $2.00 each. Personalized, $5.00 each. The Institute, P.O. Box 264, Denver, Colorado 80201.

MANHATTAN EDITOR/WRITER, female 29, lover of books, music, and the outdoors, seeks serious friendship with kind, intelligent, dependable man living upstate or New England. The New Republic Box 9025.

YOUNG, FIFTY YEAR OLD FEMALE living near San Diego who loves camping, bridge, theatre and books. Spectator sports, too. Any male between 45 and 65 interested? The New Republic Box 9035.

ARE YOU A SINGULAR MAN sincerely seeking to share life with a loving mate whose singularity includes attributes of tallness, attractiveness, Jewishness, fiftyness? Chicago. The New Republic Box 9020

Et Cetera



FOR SALE: AUTHENTIC COPIES OF 1869 NEWSPAPERS: Harpers Bazar, and 1865 New York Herald. Telltale of Lincoln. Five dollars each. R. J. Francke, P.O. Box 778, Vashon, WA 98070

YOUR BIORHYTHMS professionally charted in three colors. Handsomely displayed in transparent plastic holder. Plus handy guide. Six months only $4.95 and birthdate. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Neil Higgins, Box 812, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

FINE WALKING STICKS & CANES
Free brochure. Marchele Co., Dept. NR, 720 Fort Washington Avenue, New York, New York, 10040.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

EROTIC STATIONARY
Asian or Oriental - 20 Cards per set, $4.50 ea. pp - Far Out Notes, Box 57418, Washington, DC 20037

Foreign Studies

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo, 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Instruction

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL
Bachelors, masters doctorates. Legal, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 63255, Oakland, California 94612.

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM. Southeastern University, 5163 deGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

Literary Services

WRITERS-"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHORS AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All Subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. RZX, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Pay for 2 ads - get #3 FREE!

Classified Information

IT'S NO SECRET
that TNR classifieds produce the results you're looking for. With a small additional investment, you can brighten your response even more with an eye-catching BOLD FACED HEADLINE, SIGNATURE or ILLUSTRATION!

My ad reads: _____

I'll brighten up my ad:
- ☐ BOLD HEADLINE — $5 plus $1.00 per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE — $10 plus $1.00 per word
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET — $25 plus $1.00 per word (photo encl.)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED — $1.00 per word

(TNR Box Numbers - $4.50 extra)
See frequency rates next page.

Advanced payment enclosed $ _____
Please run my ad _____ times.

Copy deadline 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

CONSEQUENCES - The newsletter of our political future. 6 monthly issues - $1.75. Make check payable to MLP Enterprises, P.O. 31-516, San Francisco, California 94131.

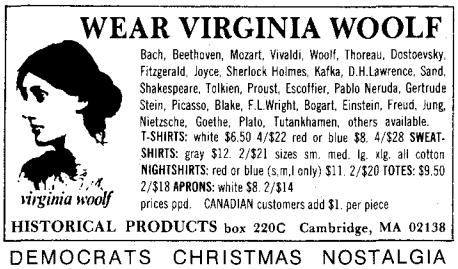
WANDERINGS OF THE SPEAR OF LONGINUS. Celtic myth $2.50. Dr. C. Crowley, 515 N. Sprigg, Cape Girardeau, Missouri 63701

COMBINED FALL/WINTER 1978/79 UNIVERSITY PRESS AND SCHOLARLY IMPRINT SALE CATALOG - SAVINGS UP TO 75% - 712 Titles, 97 Publishers, limited quantities, cut-off date, April 30, 1979. Write for catalog: THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF, A-5, 205 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Stay INFORMED!
Read what world's fertility and natural family planning EXPERTS said on all methods at 1st, 2nd, 3rd International Symposia and National Seminar on NFP. Proceedings plus 1 yr. subscription to HLC Newsletter for just $10.
The Human Life Center
St. John's University
Collegeville, MN. 56321

T Shirts


WEAR VIRGINIA WOOLF
Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Vivaldi, Woolf, Thoreau, Dostoevsky, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Sherlock Holmes, Kafka, D.H.Lawrence, Sand, Shakespeare, Tolkien, Proust, Escoffier, Pablo Neruda, Gertrude Stein, Picasso, Blake, F.L.Wright, Bogart, Einstein, Freud, Jung, Nietzsche, Goethe, Plato, Tutankhamen, others available.
T-SHIRTS: white $6.50 4/$22 red or blue $8. 4/$28 SWEATSHIRTS: gray $12. 2/$21 sizes sm. med. lg. xlg. all cotton NIGHTSHIRTS: red or blue (s,m,l only) $11. 2/$20 TOTES: $9.50 2/$18 APRONS: white $8. 2/$14
prices ppd. CANADIAN customers add $1. per piece
virginia woolf
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS box 220C Cambridge, MA 02138

DEMOCRATS CHRISTMAS NOSTALGIA GIFTS—NRA Blue Eagle T-Shirt, $7.50; Sweatshirt, $9.95. State size! Textrails, 402 Riley, Austin, Texas 78746.

Good Causes

When an AMERICAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free (800) 545-6843.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHOOSE between idealism and reality. Volunteer Peace Corps/VISTA. For information, write Betty Funches, Peace Corps/VISTA, Box P-31. Washington, D.C. 20525. An Equal Opportunity Program.

Arts/Crafts

Calligraphy for Christmas your favorite poem or quotation handlettered beautifully. P.O. Box 81037, Pittsburgh, PA 15217

HAVE A DICKENS CHRISTMAS
We are offering a wide range of Dickens' works, letters, Dickensiana, illustrations and associations. Send $5.00 for catalogue. James M. W. Borg, Inc. 8 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60603.

Music

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE
Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories.
Traditional Elegant Designs.
Early Music Stands
Free Catalog
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional Instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Gourmet/Cookery

20 Exotic Dinners
Authentic gourmet dishes from Europe, Asia, Africa, the Caribbean and more. 20 recipes, $5.00 Cookbook (over 100 exotic taste experiences)—only $10.00 ppd. (Soft Cover) Chef Francois, Dept. TNR, P.O. Box 651, Austin, TX 78767

Health

THE PATHWAY TO HEALTH. A unique, new diet for eliminating diseases, food allergies. $9.95 postpaid. Dr. Erlander, Box 106, Altadena, Calif. 91001.

JOGGING, EXERCISE, General fitness. Read Physical Fitness Newsletter, Dept. 15A, P.O. Box 195. Western Springs, Illinois 60558 Introductory Copy.

Bumperstickers

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

"BROWN's THE ONE" BUMPERSTICKERS, BUTTON, 2/$1. Matchbooks - 50/$2. Box 762, 681 Wllis, San Francisco, California 94109

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Employment Opportunities

Multimedia Agent Wanted. Novel in progress adaptable tv series, etc. Uppercentral South 1840/1880. Unsentimental, unroots, unappalachia. Based original research biography recent MA. Writer in NYC January No vanity/subsidy. NR Box Number 9055

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA
Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpose. That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps or VISTA volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin America, Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one- and two-year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles & couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Peace Corps/VISTA, P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525 An Equal Opportunity Program

USE YOUR FOREIGN LANGUAGE to get a better job. Comprehensive factual guide. $4.00. Columbia Language Services, Department 27, Box 28365, Washington, D.C. 20005.

SKI STRATTON, VT?
Legal Services Sought. Exchange share, presently individual interest, large tract. Divorcee in D.C. 11/29 - 12/11, 301-654-7276.

Research Positions

R & D POSITIONS. Chemists, Ch.E.'s Metallurgists, Mineralogists, Geologists, Physicists, Ceramics, Computers, Electronics, other. California, Texas, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest. Interview, relocation, fee paid. Chemical Executive Search, 6800 Main, Houston, Texas 77030.

Property Sale/Rent

Academic Family seeks house or apartment DC area approximately February through May, (617) - 861-7277

West Texas - 25 acres, undeveloped. Excellent for orchards, farming. Unlimited underground water. Electricity available. $550 per acre, Terms. Jeanne Smith. 1906 Dietz Place, NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, P.R. Waterfront, sleeps six. Swimming, scuba, snorkeling, bicycling, fishing. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, New York 10708. (914) 961-6591, evenings.

JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE - Martinique, Grenada, Guadaloupe, Saba, under white sail. 6 informal days of beach combing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get away," 'barefoot' and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. Share from $310.00. Free adventure booklet. Write Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Dept. 051, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	$1.00
Per word 6 times in one contract year	95¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	90¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	85¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	80¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance
Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

The Word

John Kenneth Galbraith last week sent me a copy of his new book, *Almost Everyone's Guide to Economics* (Houghton Mifflin; $8.95). It came "with much affection—and no great thought of instruction." This is Galbraith at his most falsely modest, unless he's saying that I am hopelessly uninstructable in economics, which I may well be. But I've gone, so to speak, to school with him. By now I can discern what is vintage Galbraith and what is not. This volume is the real thing, even though it is in that awful French literary form of the *entretien*, or interview, (here conducted quite deftly by Nicole Salinger). As always, Ken is funny. He is also learned. Mostly he is accessible. So many questions you may have been too squeamish to ask are answered here directly and comprehensively: the difference between fiscal and monetary policy, for example. This book may not be the last word in economics but it is a wise word, not least because Galbraith understands that the dismal science is about the lives of ordinary people.

Nikolai Tolstoy's *The Secret Betrayal* (Scribner's; $14.95) may well be the most authoritative accounting of the monstrous repatriation to the Soviet Union of more than two million Russians living (mostly imprisoned) in the countries liberated by the western allies at the end of World War II. Between its publication in Britain last spring and its appearance now in America, this meticulously documented study had provoked what is for the English a very rare exercise in self-examination and shame. The British Foreign Office had enthusiastically cooperated in a deportation that was bound to result in mass murder, and did. Yes, Virginia, there were atrocities in the Soviet Union even though western cold warriors said there were. British officials facilitated these atrocities for reasons of state. It's not surprising—is it?—that the same folk also closed the gates of Palestine during the war to any Jews who might make their way out of the Nazi cauldrons.

H. P. Kraus escaped from Hitler's Europe. His *A Rare Book Saga* (Putnam; $15) is a vividly detailed memoir of post-war entrepreneurial success in the first edition, cartography, incunabula trade in New York. Kraus loves books and their history. His craft is detective work along with a shrewd feel for the market. His shrewdness sometimes failed him, as when he passed up the Dead Sea Scrolls. It's common now to bemoan the higher prices collectors must pay to stay in the old book chase. But if prices were not high there'd be little incentive for people to search their attics for the books, art and other artifacts that have enlarged our understanding of the past.

Oxford has just published a new rare old book. It's Thomas Hardy's *Our Exploits at West Poley* ($7.95), first published in a Boston women's magazine, *The Household*, over six issues in 1892 and 1893. It lay undiscovered for more than half a century, never entering the general anthologies or the Hardy collections. Hardy's novels derive mostly from his childhood memories of rural England. This tale does too, but this is childhood memory addressed explicitly to children. Its setting is the Wessex of his novels, his characters have the same rustic virtues, and nature, again real and immediate, succors fantasy. The old classics do not fare well as gifts for the young these days. This one just might, its charmingly dated agricultural sensibility notwithstanding.

Disraeli and his World (Scribner's; $10.95) is Christopher Hibbert's exquisitely written portrait, with very illuminating illustrations of a complex conservative politician trying to bridge the chasms created by an atomizing process of industrialization. He would not have seen it as such, but his way was revolution by consent. So the Queen's favorite and the spokesman of the Tory aristocracy put across working class suffrage and subsequent legislation that forms the foundations of the welfare state. "Genius can afford to be odd," Trevelyan wrote of Disraeli. Our own politics doesn't allow for odd individuals. Disraeli counted among his achievements some quite prescient novels—*Conigsby, Tancred, Sybil*, among others—most of them political novels, but not in the limited sense. The eye of the novelist sees beneath facades. No politician today, even if he were literate enough, which he wouldn't be, could indulge himself in the novelist's vocation. How devastating it would be for a politician to grasp his own shallowness.

A teacher, the Talmud says, becomes his students. I am always elated at the appearance of a good book by someone I've taught. Sherry Turkle's *Psychoanalytic Politics: Freud's French Revolution* (Basic; $12.50) is a special joy in that I discern its beginnings in a sophomore seminar on the masters of 19th- and 20th-century social thought that I taught at Harvard. Miss Turkle's book is brilliant and witty. The distinctive character of French thought (Rousseau aside—and wasn't Rousseau really Swiss?) had been progressist, mathematically cumulative, rationalistic, positivist. No wonder France resisted Freud. Turkle's story is about the breaking down of that resistance and the creation of a heretical French Freudianism, primarily by Jacques Lacan whose work Turkle makes quite comprehensible. This is intellectual history and psychoanalytic understanding at their best.

Not surprisingly each holiday season brings out books on the Holy Land. Three are especially enticing this year. *Come See the Place: The Holy Land Jesus Knew* (Prentice-Hall; $12.95), with photographs by Gordon N. Converse and text by Robert T. Bull and B. Cobbey Crisler, juxtaposes New Testament passages with contemporary images as old as antiquity itself. The accompanying notes bridge the ages in crisp prose that makes the reader feel what it is to walk unmetaphorically in the footsteps of Jesus. *The Land of Israel* (Thames and Hudson; $35), with nearly 200 breathtaking color photographs by Hilla and Max Jacoby, may well be the single most beautiful book ever produced about the Holy Land. A poignant and moving essay by the novelist Heinrich Böll explains why the restoration of the Jewish people to their land was less a political act than a fulfillment of a unique destiny secured by suffering. To submit the safety of these people and this land to the dishonorable manipulations of mere politics is to trivialize the great historic journey of exile, fidelity, return. However eloquent the text, the book is its pictures, hauntingly evocative of what nature and man have done there. The great jewel of this volume, as of the land itself, is Jerusalem, the object of conquest and desolation ever since the destruction of the second temple, and now in reunion with those who have loved it above all else. *Children of the World Paint Jerusalem* (Bantam; $7.95) is a radiant and forceful demonstration of how children who have never laid eyes on Jerusalem see it. This tender publication is a selection drawn from 150,000 imaginative reconstructions of Jerusalem. The word, even the visual word, comes forth from Jerusalem: this is a city of dreams and a city of peace.

M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAGUAR

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
NOV 30 1978

Uncommon. Uncompromising.

The very look of the XJ6 sedan is a statement of individuality, a bold affirmation of the fact that a machine can be made of steel and yet achieve an uncommonly sleek and sculptural beauty.

The Jaguar sedan in motion expresses another kind of individuality. It moves on fully-independent suspension, with the quickness and precision of power-assisted rack and pinion steering, with the positive authority of power disc brakes on all four wheels. It is moved by an altogether uncommon and justly famous engine: the Jaguar double overhead-cam Six. And now the engine's performance has been enhanced by the extra responsiveness of an advanced electronic fuel-injection system.

Inside this quick and dramatically agile car, there is a world of uncompromising luxury. Rare walnut veneers sheath the dashboard. Rich Connolly hides cover the seats. There is deep carpeting, thermostatically-controlled heat and air conditioning and such an abundance of thoughtful luxuries that the Jaguar offers no factory options whatever.

Even the Jaguar warranty is outstanding: for 12 months, regardless of mileage, your Jaguar dealer will replace or repair any part of the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the car is properly maintained. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and the spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if the plugs or filters are defective, Jaguar will replace them.

Drive the uncommon and uncompromising Jaguar XJ6 soon. For the name of your nearest dealer, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

BRITISH LEYLAND

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC.
LEONIA, NEW JERSEY 07605.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED